ARE THEY KNIFING DONALD NELSON?

How some industrialists still hold up output of tanks and planes.
Washington report by Bruce Minton

NEW MASSES

FEB. 17, 1942 15c

INDIA: GIANT ARSENAL IGNORED

Why her tremendous resources and millions in manpower are not mobilized. Cabled by Claude Cockburn

THE APPEASERS' NEW LINE

A reply to the Saturday Evening Post.
By Joseph Starobin

TANK INFERNO

By Erskine Caldwell

PRO AND CON ON ARAGON

Hannah Josephson and Christina Stead differ on "The Century Was Young."

LINCOLN, 1942 *By William Blake*

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Between Ourselves

WHEN we asked last week, "What do you know"? and then referred to NM's new Quiz Book, a lot of people began to quiz *us*. When would the book be off the press? Were the questions very difficult? And so on. We won't try to answer their inquiries here—there are some answers on the back cover, and those who have already sent in their two subs will get the book soon. What we're interested in right now is another quiz, which might be titled "What Do You Want?" It isn't the first time we have asked that of our readers; it was the theme question of the Open Editorial Board Meeting held recently in New York, and we ask it continually, every chance we get. To do this is simply part of our policy of consulting with our readers. Sometimes, though, there are more specific questions within that larger inquiry which we want answered as widely and quickly as possible. So we print below a "What Do You Want?" questionnaire which we ask you to answer and send in to us very soon. Since most readers don't like to spoil the front cover of the issue by cutting page 2, simply write the replies on a sheet of paper, numbering each to correspond with the number of the question answered. ***It is not necessary to sign your name.***

1. What is your choice as the best article or feature in this issue? Your second choice?

2. Do you feel that a weekly "News Review" section would be valuable?

3. Would you like us to publish a full page "column" each week on people, big and little, written by a first-rate reporter?

4. What person, or persons, would you want to author a weekly page of humor?

5. Would you like a quiz department in which the five key questions of the week would be asked and then answered on another page?

6. Would it be of value to you if we listed our first, second, and third choice movies of the week?

7. Would it be of value if we listed the best of the new books published during the week?

8. Do you prefer "short short" stories regularly or very long ones less frequently? Would you like to see the stories illustrated?

9. Please tell us why you bought this issue, and when you last bought a copy. If you subscribe, tell us how you came to subscribe.

10. Please tell us whether you have read our back cover, page 32, this week. Also tell us how you like our Quiz Book idea, and whether you will try to get a copy for yourself by sending in two subs.

11. Please tell us what kind of work you do, and about how much you earn each week.

Remember you needn't sign your name to your replies.

There's something else we'd like to ask of you. Some of the most favorable comment we get on the magazine has to do with our "regional" articles—pieces like Ben Field's "Connecticut Yankee, 1942," the article from Philadelphia last week on Bessie Burchett, Samuel Putnam's fine reporting on the same city a number of issues back, Milton Ellis' "Tennessee Trek," and so on. If there's anything people like it's Americana of this kind. NM has always striven to present as broad a picture of America as possible and we know that at this time our readers have a particularly deep appreciation of that picture in all its remarkable colors and dimensions. But it isn't always easy for us to get it. We haven't the money to send reporters out on any large scale tour and often we are handicapped by the fact that the aspect of some locale which will make the best story is not known beyond that particular locale.

Won't you send us such material? Send whatever interests *you*—a full story on your city or state, or that "story that ought to be in NM," or profiles of people, folk-say, anything that strikes your eye and ear as a matter of interest to the rest of America. In case you want to treat the subject more briefly, then send us a letter for Readers Forum. We're planning to expand that department, and we can use a great many letters. Nor do they have to be confined to regional reporting. We know, for example, that our friends often discuss issues and questions raised by the articles published in these pages, sometimes in the context of the article as a whole and then again as a passage or statement in the article. These discussions are of interest to all our readers. Whether or not you agree with the author, whether you want to add to his material or object to some of it—write us about it. We want to know what you think, what you have to say.

And of course we always welcome any suggestions for broadening our audience. The number of these ideas that we usually get has been augmented by our "Subs to Sink the Enemy" drive. There's also been a complaint: that in reporting on the drive we put too much stress on what's happening in the big cities only. Naturally, the campaign took hold in the larger centers first. However, the past week or so has seen an encouraging number of localities drawn into the fight, with committees set up in the smaller communities also. Four new ones on the West Coast alone, three from the Midwest—that, in just the last eight days, is worth some optimism. As one of our campaigners writes us: "A small group, even in a not very large community, still can almost always double the number of subscribers, and if all the present subscribers were doubled . . . !"

A reminder to New Yorkers: Friday, February 20, is the night when NM will present at Irving Plaza, a special program of film shorts dealing with the war. Subjects include the attack on Pearl Harbor, the defense of Moscow, America's call to arms, a film dealing with British defense "somewhere in England," the Red Army smashing the Nazis, and guerrilla fighting on the Eastern Front. William Blake will speak on "Behind the Nazi Lines." for further details, see page 27.

Who's Who

ERSKINE CALDWELL is the author of a number of books including *God's Little Acre, Tobacco Road, Kneel to the Rising Sun, Trouble in July,* etc. . . . Abraham Unger is a New York lawyer. . . . William Blake's latest book is *The Copperheads.* . . . Lawrence Keenan teaches history in a midwestern university. . . . Hannah Josephson did the translation from the French of *The Century Was Young.* . . . Christina Stead is the author of *House of all Nations, The Man Who Loved Children,* etc. . . . Herbert Aptheker has written a number of books on Negro history. . . . Grace Hutchins is a member of the staff of Labor Research Association.

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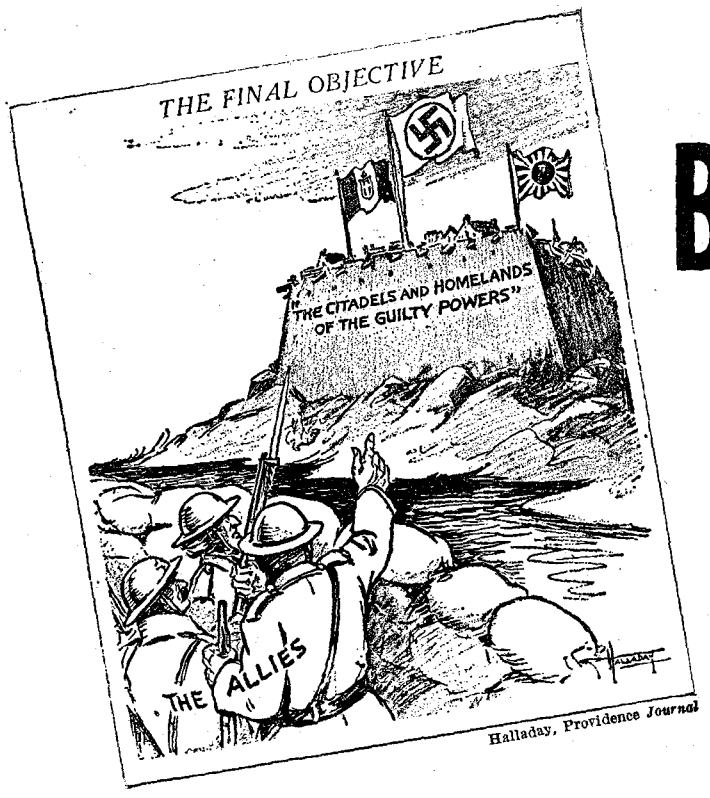

Halladay, Providence *Journal*

BUT

GERMAN SPRING DRIVE IN RUSSIA SET FOR APRIL
U.S. AID TO RUSSIA 50% UNDER PROMISE!
THE DEPARTMENT OF GOOD INTENTIONS
ROLLIN KIRBY

Kirby, New York *Post*

HOW GOOD IS OUR WORD?

IN HIS best seller, *Mission to Moscow,* Joseph E. Davies tells the story of how Owen D. Young, of the General Electric Corp., dropped in to see him just before the ambassador set sail for his post. Young declared that "in the course of business relations, running into millions of dollars, and covering ten or fifteen years, the Soviets had been scrupulously prompt in their payments and had lived up to their promises in every respect." They had the reputation of being "meticulously careful" in meeting their obligations. Their word was as good as their bond.

That's why it was shocking last week when the story came out in the newspapers that the United States has failed to meet its own pledges to Soviet Russia. Our shipments of materiel, promised at the Moscow Conference last autumn, have not been delivered on schedule. Less than 50% is the record so far. And this story is confirmed by Averell Harriman himself. He was our delegate to the Moscow Conference and when questioned by reporters in London, he admitted that the Washington report was true.

Let's ask ourselves what the world would look like today, if, while Japan opened up against us in the Pacific, Hitler had been able to plough through the Caucasus and come out on the other side of India. Just to think about such a nightmare is to appreciate what the Soviet counter-offensive has meant for the whole Allied cause. And just to think of what the Russians have done this winter, and at what a fearful cost to themselves, is to feel heartsick, at our own failure to keep America's pledged word.

Elsewhere in this issue Bruce Minton touches on some of the reasons. Evidently there has been much bungling. And sabotage among certain officials, an insidious, subtle sabotage in the State Department—among the men who still won't adjust themselves to the policies of the President and the people.

And the whole thing is a desperately serious matter because the spring is not far off. All winter long the Nazis have had uninterrupted time for accelerating their war production. Reports are that their aircraft output has increased. Slave labor has been conscripted from Hitler's colonies all over Europe. The Russians themselves emphasize that the Germans may still have tank superiority by the time the ground hardens on the Soviet western plains. Such sober observers as George Fielding Eliot remind us that Hitler still has enough manpower for big battles.

Which means that we, like the Russians, have every reason to expect a big offensive in the spring. It may come as a terrific drive for the Caucasus and for the oil fields of the Middle East. And in conjunction with what Japan is doing in Burma, it may very well place all the Allies in their most dangerous situation thus far.

The Red Army is trying to hold its end up. It has done so heroically, smashing into those positions from which Hitler intends to jump off. The least we Americans can do is to hold our own end up. We *must* live up to the pledges which our accredited representatives made in Moscow in fulfillment of our basic national policies.

And this is not in Russia's interest alone—as the slimy appeasers are saying throughout the land. It is in *our* interest, the common interest of the Allies, and the interests of our own country whose fate is bound up with the farflung battlefront. As Sir Stafford Cripps puts it, "If by our efforts we can make the spring offensive in Europe a decisive success for the Russians, we shall not only save hundreds of thousands of Russian lives, but British and American lives as well."

The President ought to ferret out and remove the saboteurs. America's bond must be as good as her word.

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NELSON SCOREBOARD

Despite the production chief's determination many of the big industrialists are still up to their old tricks. . . . What will John L. Lewis do now? . . . The not so strange case of Harry Lundeberg.

Washington.

THE age of miracles is, alas, definitely over. There were some here in Washington who thought they could sit back and wait for Donald Nelson to intone the magic formula that would bring an unprecedented flow of war materials. But the immense problem of transforming the intricate production machine to the needs of war cannot be solved overnight. Mr. Nelson has certainly shown determination to get things done. His resolution is not yet reflected by industry, particularly by the monopoly groups controlling machine tools, factories, and materials.

Informed opinion in the teeming corridors of the New Security building, Nelson's bailiwick, sums up the production situation about as follows: theoretically the War Production Board centralized control over the war effort. In actuality production cannot be obtained solely by issuing orders from Washington; almost always the key remains in the plants and mines and mills. And there, for all the pressure, the lags continue. The same opposition to conversion, to pooling facilities, to spreading contracts lingers on. The large owners still are obsessed by a fear of "socialization."

The fact is, to date, conversion proceeds at a snail's pace. Equipment must be put to work on jobs for which it was originally not designed. Yet the government is learning that even though, for example, it has finally stopped the manufacture of passenger cars, the owners of the great motor factories hesitate to transform their plants.

Why? The dining room at the Carlton Hotel, the lobby of the Mayflower, are jammed all day every day with excited big businessmen, just arrived from the Washington airport. Spokesmen for management are rushing here to explain that, after all, their reasoning is simplicity itself. Their plants represent huge investments; to shift highly efficient units is to disrupt them. How much better, they argue, to leave these great plants intact—even if they stand idle—while new factories are built to manufacture armaments. Then, in the future when it is again possible to make automobiles, the untouched machines can start pouring out passenger cars without delay, resuming where they left off. Each manufacturer would thereby be assured of holding on to his present enviable position in the industry. And, playing up to fears expressed everywhere, they point out that by following the course they propose, postwar depression will be more easily avoided.

Similarly these top industrialists make clear that they do not welcome suggestions that they spread contracts by farming out and subcontracting. They have expended vast sums of money to win the market for themselves. In the emergency they are asked to tolerate competitors—small, it is true, but nevertheless competitors. Is not their reluctance understandable? Is it not better, they ask, for the national economy, if they refuse to give an inch, if they keep things well in hand?

When it comes to pooling facilities, again they balk. Should industry be so organized that it acts together as one unit? Should it plan on a national scale? This negates business as usual, and weakens the control by the monopolists who have divided the market among themselves. Planning presupposes a frightening unity of purpose, a super-imposed authority which can in the end tell monopoly what to produce and even dictate quantity and quality. "Socialism," they call it, the doom of "our way of life." They consider planning a menace. And so they Red-bait and scream "regimentation."

Claude Cockburn recently cabled from London (NEW MASSES, February 3) that delays in British production have resulted even at this late date from "a deliberate policy on the part of the management [of bombed Coventry], looking less at immediate war production than at the prospect of the motor car industry after the war." In England monopoly acts no differently from the way it does in this country. Mr. Nelson has the problem of forcing the few in numbers—but powerful in their ability to obstruct—to do the bidding of the nation.

THE fact that, despite all the advantages of centralized control at the top, the key to war production remains in the producing unit itself, increases the responsibility of labor. For conversion and organization of the thousands of plants distributed haphazardly throughout the country makes on-the-spot planning indispensable. Labor has organized local production committees—Victory Committees, as they are called. In some of the smaller plants management has welcomed union cooperation, and joint plans have resulted for the utilization of available capacity. But recently stories have begun to pour into the War Production Board here in Washington telling of the refusal of certain great corporations to deal with union men who want to hasten the war effort. At the Bethlehem, Pa., steel plant, covering many acres, workers called on management with suggestions for guarding against sabotage, for improving air raid precautions, for stepping up production. The company representative told these delegates: "The FBI is sending us operatives. So you needn't worry about sabotage. We are having a pamphlet printed on air raid precautions which we'll hand out when it's ready—so you can't help there. And as to production—that's none of your affair. Get back to work and don't meddle where you have no business."

This attitude of certain management groups is as much calculated to disrupt national unity and to impede production as the refusal to convert. Donald Nelson has welcomed labor's offer of cooperation. As yet he has not made use of labor to any full extent. He has not shown sufficient realization of the strength to be derived from the labor movement. Sooner or later, to do his job, Mr. Nelson will have to depend more heavily on labor's contribution. As things are now, the unions are more often rebuffed than accepted when they offer cooperation. The Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers Union collected instances of repeated refusal by management to take any suggestion offered by the workers—instances typical for the MMSW and for other unions as well. In Selby, Calif., the American Smelting and Refining Co. declined to grant union members an appointment to talk over production problems. The company said they were doing their utmost to "protect" the industry from such proposed planning. In Torrington, Conn., the American Brass Co. told workers who proposed a union-management production committee to talk over ways and means of operating the plant twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, that there was no time for committees, and anyway, such hours were "impossible." The Shattuck Dean Mining Co. of Bisbee, Ariz., forced by the union to operate

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Dear Earl Browder
This Valentine is to tell you how much we miss you and need you. We are asking everyone to tell the President to free you.
Johnny
Mabel
Michaels

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full time, retaliated by firing the shop steward most active in organizing pressure for this move.

Workers have waived the use of the strike weapon during the war; they see the price of living far outstrip wages; they willingly work longer hours. Yet these sacrifices do not result in greater output or more strenuous prosecution of the war. They are discouraged by such usual spectacles as that of the Anaconda Copper Co. in Butte, which produces less at this time on a seven-day week than was produced by the same company on a six-day week in 1929. Morale is not heightened. The correspondence coming into CIO headquarters more and more resembles the following excerpt, written from the West to the head of an international: "If this is the kind of stuff they expect us to put up with, we might as well have it out right now. We are damned good and tired of offering everything we have and then having it used as a club against us."

Union officials in the capital are growing restive. Several agreed, at a luncheon last week, that they were getting "damned good and tired," too. There is a growing anger throughout the country over the way certain of the largest industrialists remain indifferent to the critical problems of the war. Mr. Nelson can make use of this anger.

EVERYWHERE one question is heard: "What will John L. Lewis do now?" Generally it is recognized that when the President created "Labor's Victory Board," he dashed Lewis' sly hopes of recapturing leadership of the trade union movement.

The refusal of Philip Murray to be intimidated by the mine chief, and the discovery of isolationist support behind Lewis' deceptive call for formal organizational unity of the AFL and CIO, resulted in the greatest defeat for Lewis in his long and turbulent career. Always a careful and shrewd tactician, Lewis thought he had hit upon a sure-fire formula to reinstate himself in the position of supreme power over the labor movement. He was convinced that his letter proposing formal unity could never be opposed, since unity was admittedly the desire of the unions and the people. With elaborate deals made in advance, Lewis expected "talks" to follow almost immediately; the formula he expected to be adopted at such a conference had been advanced two years ago: every CIO union would be granted an AFL charter, and all disputed questions would be settled later at a joint convention. At this convention Lewis expected his great bloc of mine workers' votes, together with the strength wielded by Hutcheson and the others who were in on the deal, to allow him to carve up the unions which had bitterly opposed his isolationism. He would punish his enemies; and no matter who was named the titular head of the combined labor movement, Lewis looked forward to dictating policy.

But Murray's defiance and the isolationist backing exposed Lewis' Achilles heel. President Roosevelt opposed the false "peace" proposals. Unity of action was the need, not disruption brought about by demagogy and misrepresentation. The President specifically refused to meet with any labor committee on which Lewis and Hutcheson were members.

Lewis suffered a staggering defeat. It would be naive to consider him finished, however. Washington union heads are very much on the alert to see what the mine leader will pull off next in his attempt to regain prestige. Right now Lewis is busily conducting raids against the automobile, steel, non-ferrous metals, electrical, and other unions, taking advantage of labor's refusal to enter into jurisdictional disputes. He has also begun to organize small farmers, starting with the dairymen. Initiation fee is ten cents a cow. These farmers, who need organization and who are the natural allies of labor, nevertheless do not belong in labor unions which are certainly not the type of organization best fitted for them. Already 2,000 recruited by District 50 of the United Mine Workers have learned this lesson and dropped out of Lewis' catch-all local.

THE only body of organized labor on the West Coast which has refused to participate jointly with the AFL, CIO, and Railroad Brotherhoods for speeding the war effort, is the Seafarers' International Union, controlled by Harry Lundeberg. On January 29 the Fish Cannery Workers of the Pacific went into court and asked that Lundeberg give an accounting of the union's receipts (which he has never done), and that he restitute funds "misappropriated or expended for improper purposes." The suit charges that Lundeberg has refused to call a convention of the union membership because he feared he would be kicked out of office in an election. Most sensational, the plaintiffs charge that the three men recently indicted by the New Orleans police for the murder of Philip Carey were in New Orleans at the time of the murder acting as Lundeberg's agents and under his "directions and orders." Lundeberg has tried to prevent the extradition of the three accused—just as Martin Dies tried to prevent the extradition of his witness, William C. McQuiston, when that gentleman was wanted for trial on the same murder. Now Dies refuses to allow the record of the case to be used by the prosecution (as I wrote in NEW MASSES January 27), while Lundeberg protects the alleged murderers on the West Coast. Is there any connection between the Red-baiting Dies and the notorious Lundeberg?

THE New York *Times* has published the facts on the fifty percent lag in aid from the United States to the Soviet Union. Among other causes, the *Times* mentions that "some of the Russian supplies have been sent to sea in unseaworthy ships that have had to return with great loss of time. Similarly, it is reported that some of the Russian materiel has been sent to the wrong port of embarkation. . . ."

Stories are persistently heard all over Washington—and have been going the rounds for several weeks—that the failure of the United States to fulfill its pledge to the Soviet Union is not solely due to urgent requirements for materiel elsewhere, or to accidents and inefficiency. More and more, as I pointed out last week, the suspicion grows that those in high office—especially in the State Department—who have been giving their approval to shipments of sugar, oil, furs, foodstuffs, etc., to the "neutral" countries of Sweden, Switzerland, Spain, and Portugal, know a good deal about the failures to get stuff to the USSR. The same group which is courting the "neutrals" and which is so sure that precious materials going to these European countries are not falling into Axis hands, are the center of all the anti-Soviet libels heard at the capital's better dinner parties—and at such small cocktail parties as that given by the Finnish Legation on Saturday, January 31, and attended by State Department officials. There are far too many highly placed personages who worry more over Red Army advances on the Eastern Front than they do over Japanese victories in the South Pacific, or German victories in Libya.

The stories—with increasing factual backing to them—accuse this little band of intriguers of double-crossing the President and of making sure that boats bound for the Soviet Union spring leaks at sea and head for wrong ports. How is it, the question is being asked, that just those boats carrying supplies to the Soviet Union were not, in the words of the *Times*, "effectively checked for sabotage"?

BRUCE MINTON.

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TANK INFERNO

Erskine Caldwell's report of the clash of steel monsters on the Eastern Front. "We moved up at night and when dawn broke. . . ."

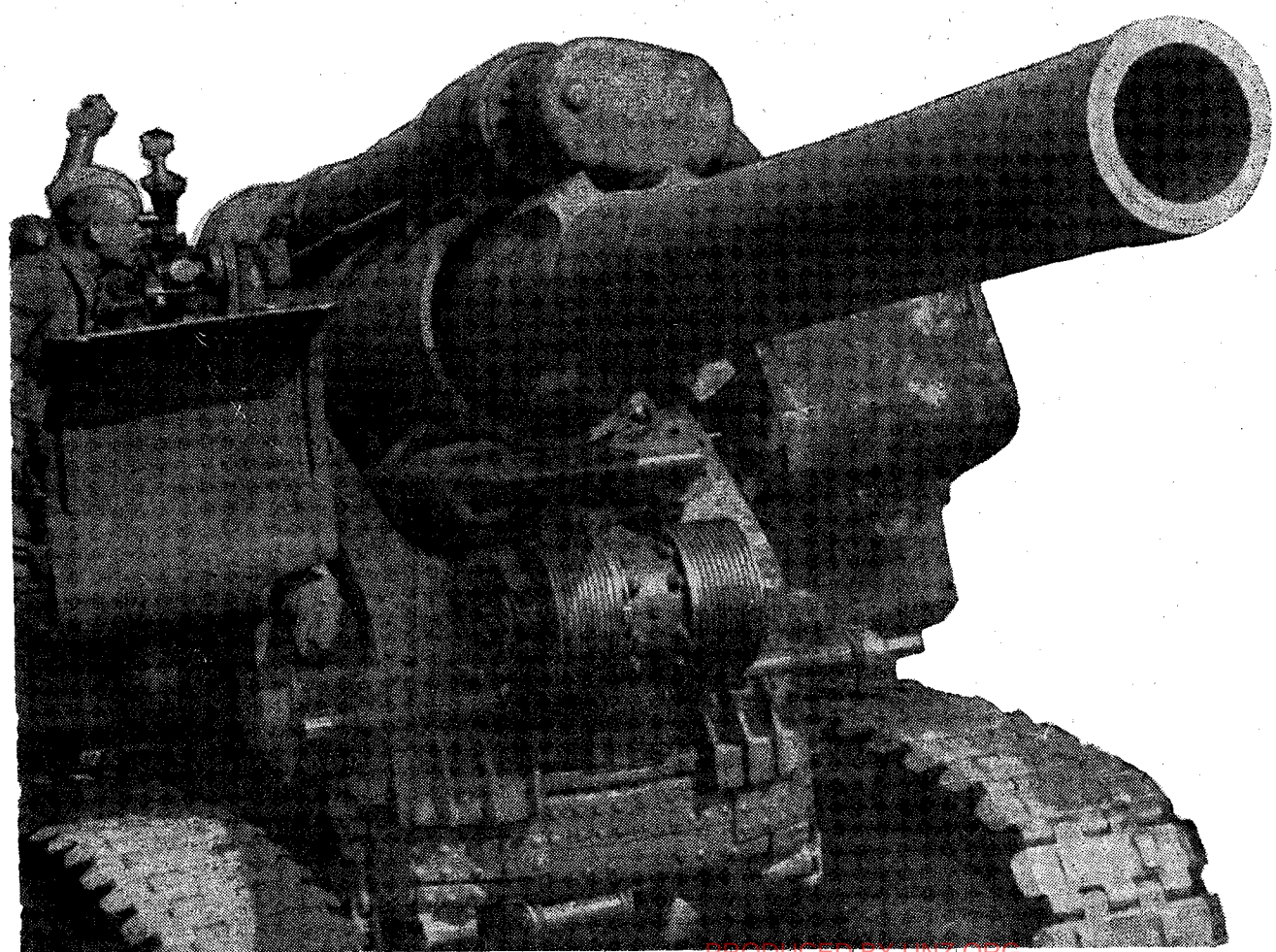
The following excerpt is from Erskine Caldwell's book, "All Out on the Road to Smolensk" to be published shortly by Duell, Sloan and Pearce. Mr. Caldwell was in Moscow the day of the Nazi attack and remained there for several months as a newspaper correspondent. He returned to this country a few weeks ago. The chapter from which this excerpt is taken deals with the clash of Soviet and Nazi tanks in the first month of the war.

DURING this time I talked to a Red Army major who had witnessed some of the fiercest fighting of the century. He told me that the Russians were weak in tanks, although certain models of Soviet-made tanks were superior to those used by the Germans. Russian tanks were outnumbered in almost every engagement two to one, and in some battles the Russians did not even have enough tanks to accept a fight. . . .

I was told of one engagement that took place during the second week of war when 1,000 Russian tanks engaged 2,000 German tanks. This was probably the most gigantic tank engagement of the war, perhaps of all time. The battle lasted for four days and three nights, and it took place over an area approximately four miles square. Before it was over, both sides almost exhausted themselves, each losing about seventy-five percent of its manpower and equipment. The battle ended with both forces withdrawing, neither side getting the territory under dispute; but based on Stalin's strategy of destruction, the Red Army was the victor because it destroyed twice as many German tanks as it lost. This was the first evidence of the effectiveness of Stalin's well prepared plan to defeat the German Army by destroying two tanks for one lost, two planes for one, and two Germans for one Russian. The Red Army's justly praised defense-and-depth strategy was devised for the purpose of carrying out this "bleed the Germans to death" plan. . . .

AT THE first clash of steel against steel, the scene looked like a motion picture "still," where animation is grotesquely suspended. But this did not last long. Within a few moments the landscape was the scene of stupendous struggle. Tanks burst into flame; tanks turned over on their backs like turtles; and tanks clawed frantically at the soft earth. Tank crews, whose machines had caught on fire or had become disabled, crawled out through hatches and tried to hitchhike on passing tanks. Some tankists who escaped from flaming tanks had their clothing burned from them, and they dashed for cover behind overturned tanks or tried to get aboard tanks roaring towards the rear for refueling. . . .

There was no let-up, day or night. When the dawn came, the tanks were still roaring across the ground, firing until their gun barrels were red hot. The crews would then dismount the red-hot guns and mount new ones. German and Soviet planes roared overhead most of the time during the day, but instead of attempting to bomb the tanks, which they could not accomplish with any accuracy when they were fighting at such close quarters and amid so much confusion, they fought each other. Flaming planes sometimes fell on tanks, parachuting plane crews tumbled helplessly in the path of speeding tanks, and it was always difficult to distinguish between friend and foe.



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WHEN the major had finished telling me the story of this battle, I said I would like very much to talk to one of the tankists who had survived the engagement. He promised that it would be arranged. There was a large number of injured tankists in a Moscow hospital, many of whom he knew personally.

I went to the hospital the next morning and was taken to a ward where some thirty or thirty-five tankists lay and sat on cots. All of them were painfully burned.

The tankist I had come to see was propped up in bed with bandages almost enveloping him. His fifty-ton rolling fortress had been shattered by a five-hundred-pound bomb that scored a direct hit on the turret. When the bomb struck the turret and exploded inside the tank, all the others of the crew had been killed instantly. The only survivor had been hurled through a hatch blown open by the explosion. The explosion had showered flaming gasoline on him, and he was severely burned on the head, face, hands, arms, and body.

He told me the following story:

"Our unit received orders to join a large detachment of tanks that was going up for replacements in this battle. We had heard about the fight the day before, and all of us wanted to get into it. We moved up at night, and when dawn broke, we found ourselves right in the thick of things. I don't know how many tanks there were around us, but it looked like the whole world full. We moved on in at a speed of about forty miles an hour, not stopping for anything. The Germans had a large replacement detachment on the side of a hill about three-quarters of a mile away, and we headed for them. The Germans spotted us, and rolled in to meet us.

"My unit got orders to drive in at full speed. We opened up the motors and let go. In no time at all we crashed head-on into the Germans and started mixing. Right away things began happening. Our tank got three German machines without much trouble. All this time we were being hit, but their shots did not penetrate our tank. I could see some of the shots strike the armor, but they glanced off without doing any damage. There wasn't much force behind a lot of their bullets and shells, and our armor was so tough they had a hard time hurting us.

"It was still early morning, but we had already cleared out a lot of the German concentration before they could come down the hill and mix with the main fight. We got them turned around, and then we wheeled back towards the battle that was going on down below us. Just as we were crossing a small stream German aviation swept over the hill, flying on the tree tops. I didn't pay much attention to the planes at first, because we were busy trying to get range on some strays that were coming up the side of the stream towards us. Then the next thing I knew there was a big explosion and I found myself lying out in the field with gasoline burning all over me.

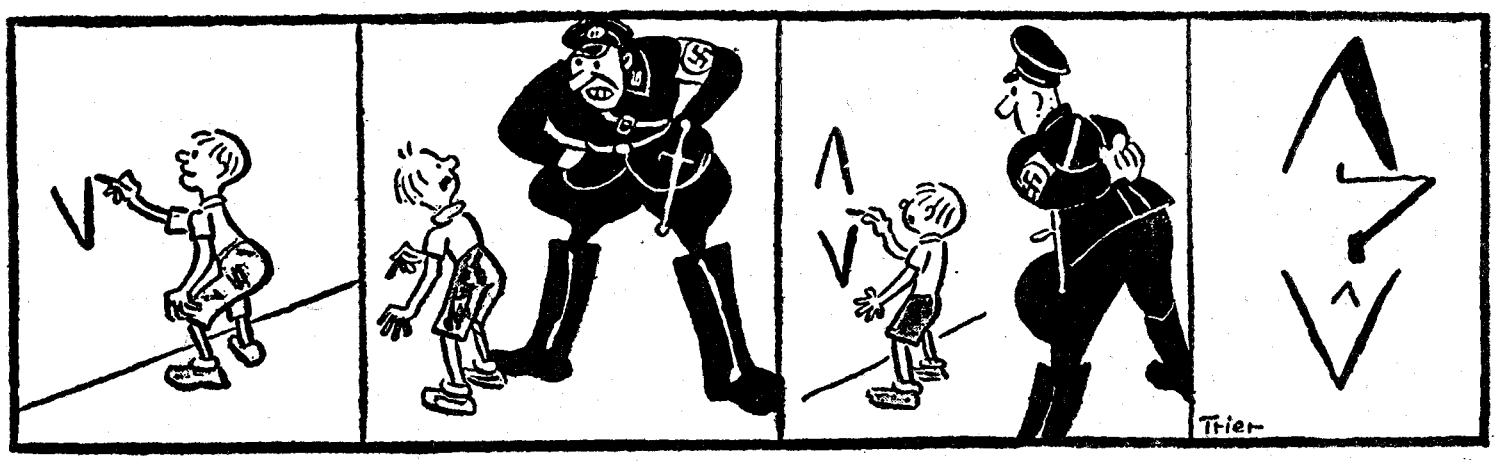
"I managed to beat it out and crawl away from the burning tank. I looked around for the rest of the crew, but they had been blown to pieces by the bomb-burst inside the tank. The battle was still going on all around me, and so I crawled towards the woods about a hundred yards away. When I finally reached it, I was too weak to go any farther, so I stayed there in a ditch.

"When I came to, it was late afternoon, and the battle had moved over toward the north about a mile. I could hear the firing over there, but all was quiet where I was. I went through the woods toward the place where we had started from that morning, but when I got there at sundown there wasn't anybody there. After resting some, I started for our lines. Along the way I saw a group of Germans on a bridge across a stream. I went back to the hillside and when I got there, I found another Red Army man who had been wounded in the tank battle and had crawled to the woods just as I had done. While we were standing there talking, somebody fired at us with a pistol from a clump of bushes a few yards away. We dropped down and crawled in to investigate. Another shot got me in the arm, and so I fired back. There was no more sound from the bushes after that, and when we went in, we found we had killed a German motorcycle dispatch rider.

"After that we decided to circle around the Germans on the bridge. We crossed the stream about half a mile below the bridge and circled back to the road. On a hill beside the road we saw another group of Germans. Before we could get out of sight, they began firing at us with machineguns, rifles, and pistols. It was dark by then, and we hid in some bushes until the shooting was over. We waited about an hour and then came out and crawled along the hilltop. In a little while we came to either the same group or another group, but they did not see us. We crawled around them, dodging from one bush to another, until we got about two miles beyond them. We thought all was clear then, but soon several Germans came past us on a motorcycle. We hid in a ditch until they were out of sight and then we started walking again. We would have shot them, but all our ammunition was gone.

"Some time after midnight we almost got caught by the same Germans who had passed us on motorcycles. They were sitting in the dark by the side of the road, and we did not know they were there until we were challenged. We dodged into the woods while they were shooting, and managed to get out of range. After everything had quieted down, we went on towards our lines. We walked all night, and got to a field headquarters at sunrise.

"My burns and bullet wounds were treated at a field hospital, and then I was sent to the rear to recover. I want to get back there with my unit as soon as I can. I don't want to stay here any longer than I can help. I want to get a lot more Germans before my time comes." ERSKINE CALDWELL.



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Citizen A and Citizen B

Eight million good Americans could be branded as Quislings if a certain provision of the Dickstein bill passed. The fiction that patriotism depends only on nativity.

A BILL recently passed by the House of Representatives reveals the changed nature of legislative problems created by the war. It is the Dickstein bill (HR 6250) to amend the Nationality Act. While most of the proposed amendments have little popular significance, two provisions deal with matters of grave concern to large sections of our population. Nevertheless, the House adopted the bill practically without debate. Since then public awareness has been roused and it is believed that the Senate Immigration Committee which is now studying the bill will hold public hearings and give the amendments the consideration they merit.

Section 3 of the Dickstein bill would permit aliens over the age of fifty, in the United States for sixteen years, to become citizens despite their inability to pass the present educational tests. This is an example of progressive legislation which comes from the enlightened social viewpoint created by an anti-fascist war. Recognition of the actual danger to our existence as a free nation has helped make clear the vital meaning of national unity; and this realization fathers a new approach to the large number of aliens whose only bar to citizenship was their lack of formal education.

These Americans of foreign birth lack such education through no fault of their own. Usually the pressure of supporting themselves and their families has denied them the opportunity for learning. It is clearly recognized today that this handicap is no bar to genuine Americanism. Many million aliens will now be encouraged to greater efforts in behalf of the nation by the sign of welcome contained in this amendment, and by congressional recognition that the process of Americanization is furthered, not by discrimination against aliens, but by smoothing their path to citizenship.

YET the same Dickstein bill contains a provision which would in effect cancel out the progressive aspects of Section 3. For Section 8 seeks to amend present Section 338 (a) in order to revoke the citizenship of any naturalized American if his "utterances, writings, actions or course of conduct establishes that his political allegiance is to a foreign state or sovereignty." Superficially this amendment would seem to be in the same category as Section 3 since it appears to be directed against persons owing allegiance to foreign sovereigns, who unquestionably have no claims to our concern. Actually, however, it strikes at 8,000,000 good Americans who happen to be citizens by naturalization instead of by birth. It makes no difference whether these people have been citizens one day, one year, or twenty years. If any of them makes a speech ("utterances") or writes an article ("writings") or belongs to an organization ("course of conduct") which is regarded as giving "political allegiance" to a foreign government—no matter whether that government is one of a fascist enemy or a democratic ally—Section 8 threatens him with loss of citizenship. In effect it would brand all naturalized Americans as Quislings by implying that traitors should be looked for only in their midst.

The fundamental vice of the proposed amendment is its destructive effect upon American citizenship. Never, from the first days of our history as a nation has any distinction been drawn between naturalized and native citizens, except that the President must be native-born. As long ago as 1824, Chief Justice John Marshall said of the naturalized citizen:

"He becomes a member of society possessing all the rights of a native citizen and standing in the view of the Constitution on the footing of a native. The Constitution does not authorize Congress to enlarge or abridge those rights. . . . He is distinguishable in nothing from a native citizen except so far as the Constitution makes the distinction. The law makes none."

And as recently as 1941 another Justice of the United States Supreme Court, William O. Douglas, commented that: "There must not grow up in this country any second or fourth class of citizenship. There is only one class of citizenship in this country."

Does that mean that we are to remain helpless to deal with a faithless naturalized citizen? The question reveals the false inference contained in the bill—the assumption that fidelity to America is measured by nativity. This is pure fiction, as we know from both our past history and from the record of present events. Gen. Benedict Arnold, Vice-Pres. Aaron Burr, and Congressman Vallandigham were all American-born. The men who betrayed France were Frenchmen born and bred; Quisling is a native Norwegian and the White Guards who today fight in Hitler's army are—as were Leon Trotsky and General Tukachevsky—native Russians. Careful inspection of America's present fifth column, we hazard the guess, would turn up at least one retired general, an ex-colonel, and a couple of congressmen.

Patriotism can be measured only by patriotic deeds, not by ancestry. In the recent trial of Nazi agents for violation of the Espionage Act in Brooklyn Federal Court, the record of the twenty-odd defendants shows that they were evenly divided between native and naturalized citizens. Yet all of them, as was to be expected, met the same fate. That case gives the clearest answer to Congressman Dickstein and others who may be concerned lest misconduct among naturalized citizens go unpunished. The Criminal Law, which applies alike to the native, the naturalized, and the alien, is adequate to meet every contingency. And if it weren't, the remedy should be done there, not by tampering with the fundamental constitutional status of citizenship. Punishment in the form of ten to twenty years prison terms, as occurred in the Brooklyn espionage cases, is the proper method of dealing with criminal conduct, which is tantamount to allegiance to a foreign government. And it should be remembered that all the defendants, native and naturalized alike, being guilty of felony, have lost valuable citizenship rights.

HOWEVER, were Section 8 to become law and a proceeding begun under it, not only could innocent persons be victimized, but guilty ones could bedevil the courts with obstructive defenses of one kind or another. They could argue soundly that the section is unconstitutional since it abridges freedom of speech and press by penalizing "utterances and writings." They could contend that it is vague and uncertain and that no man could know from reading it just what is permissible and what precisely is "political allegiance"? While the American people are defending their civil liberties against Hitlerism, Congress

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must be vigilant lest it provide enemy agents with opportunities to hide behind those civil liberties.

A memorandum issued by the National Lawyers Guild points out that if the bill's intent was to reach those persons who had obtained their citizenship through affirmation of allegiance to the United States when in fact they continued to owe allegience to a foreign government, then the present Nationality Law is adequate since it gives the Department of Justice power to cancel such citizenship on the ground of fraud.

IF THE proposed amendment is actually intended to check foreign propaganda and activity, it will fail in its purpose. Let us assume that a subversive publication is now edited by a naturalized citizen, as for example George Sylvester Viereck. By the simple process of resigning as editor and putting in his place a Mayflower descendant, the enemy agent can thumb his nose at the law.

On the other hand, there are obvious possibilities of persecution in a law framed in the loose language of Section 8. For example, fifth columnists could base a complaint against the "utterances, writings or course of conduct" of a naturalized citizen who heads a union or fraternal organization which urges increased support for Great Britain or endorses the Soviet Union's valiant struggle against Hitler. The technique of treachery is shrewd and exceedingly tricky. But the enemy could use Section 8 not only to divert attacks from themselves, but to sow hostility and distrust between native and naturalized. President Roosevelt has warned against this: "Remember the Nazi technique. 'Pit race against race, religion against religion, prejudice against prejudice. Divide and conquer!'" Section 8 pits native against naturalized Americans.

That these fears are not far-fetched can be seen in the recent performances of Congressmen Dies and Fish. At the very moment that enemy agents, who should have been unearthed by the Dies committee on subversive activity, were carrying on their treachery at Pearl Harbor, Dies was launching attacks against Leon Henderson and other patriotic Americans; while Fish was using his prerogative as a congressman to attack the national administration at the very moment when his secretary was stealthily acting as a hide-out for America First.

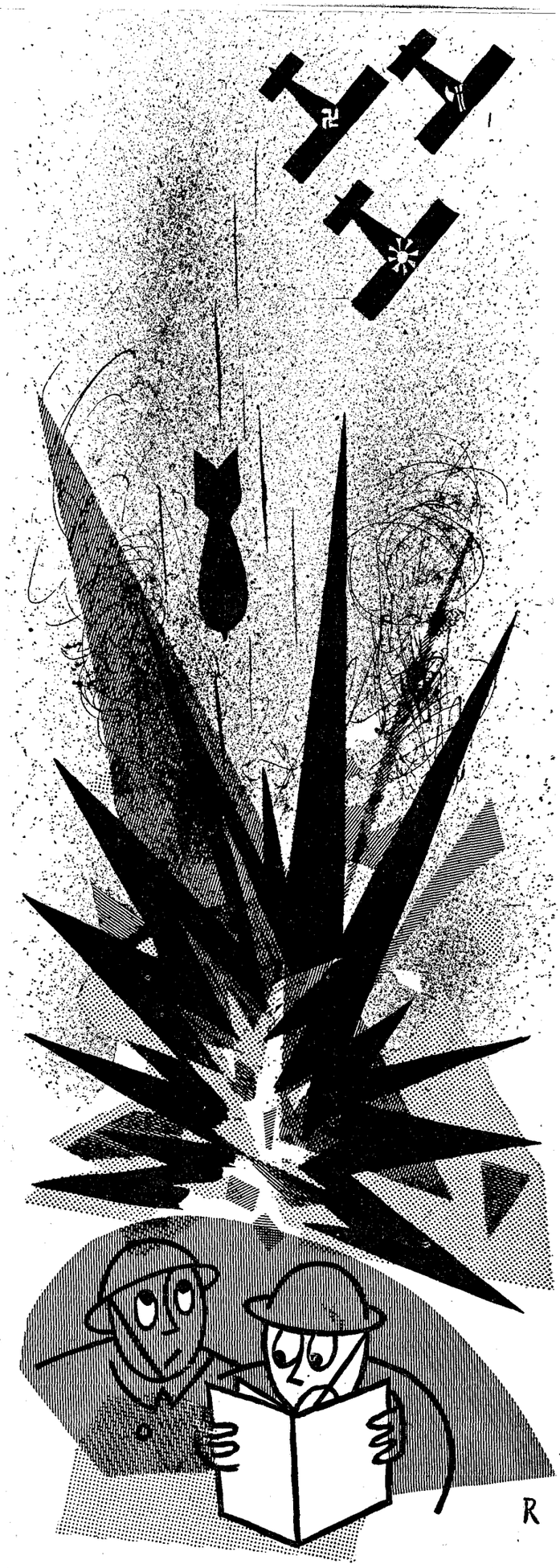
A war congress, as is the present 77th Congress, has the duty to test all legislation by its effect upon the war effort. By that test, Section 3, which lightens the burdens of aliens 50 years of age, is valuable legislation and should be passed. (However, the Senate Immigration Committee should reduce the residence requirements from 16 years to 10 years as provided in the amendment originally introduced.)

On the other hand, Section 8, which attacks the naturalized American and destroys the sanctity of citizenship, is harmful to the unity of the nation, gives comfort to the enemy, is unconstitutional and unnecessary. It should be defeated.

Curiously, Mr. Dickstein's second-class citizenship bill is being considered by Congress at precisely the time that Mr. Wendell Willkie is preparing to appear before US Supreme Court in behalf of Mr. William Schneiderman in the celebrated Second-Class Citizenship Case. It is to be hoped that both Court and Congress will reject for all time the theory of two classes of American citizenship lest, in the words of Mr. Justice Douglas, the result be:

". . . the downward spiral of disunity. Then hate and intolerance have been incorporated. Under those conditions, the enemies of democracy invariably have risen to power. Under those conditions, there is an insistence on a conformity which is the beginning of a disintegrating process."

ABRAHAM UNGER.



"H'm, the Saturday Evening Post says there is no Axis."

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THE AXIS IS NO MYTH

The appeasers' new line. Demaree Bess of the Satevepost does his bit for Hitler. By Joseph Starobin

HITLER'S friends in this country have been let down by Hitler himself a good many times. But like the shady lady who loved Steve Ketchel, in Hemingway's famous short story, Hitler's friends remain loyal even in their desperation.

It will be remembered that a while back Mr. Lindbergh told us that Britain was as good as beaten, that Germany's superiority in the air was unchallengeable. But on June 22 Hitler himself confessed that his High Command could not vouchsafe victory over England "especially as regards aircraft." All last year the isolationist appeasers insisted that the United States had nothing to fear from either Germany or Japan. Until one Sunday morning the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor.

It might have been expected that Hitler would allow his friends in this country to deflect popular anger against Japan, but Hitler had his own problems and was impelled to declare war on the United States almost immediately. Hitler explained to the German people that Britain could not be defeated until the Soviet Union was crushed; and the Soviet Union could not be crushed until the United States was defeated, too. Der Fuehrer was compelled to widen the war, creating ever bigger obstacles to cover his blunders and his failures, even though this deprived his own friends of their strongest talking point.

Yet the significant and sinister thing is how the appeasers have adapted themselves to their difficulties. They now have a new line. The Chicago *Tribune,* like the Hearst press, hammers away at the thesis that we devote all our time and energy to Japan, and let "foreign wars" alone. A subtler variation of this line was elaborated by Demaree Bess in the January 24 *Saturday Evening Post.* Although the President had declared in his message to Congress that with "the creation by Hitler of the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo alliance, *all plans of conquest were reduced to one single plan,*" Mr. Bess thinks otherwise. He says that "The Axis Is A Myth."

The essential device of this dangerous article is the well known device of the "half truth." That's how the Nazis misled the German people. The Germans had been on half truth rations for a century. Their country was only half unified (with Prussia in the saddle). Their democracy was a half democracy, with the Junkers on state pensions. Their socialism of the Weimar Republic was half socialism. Their recovery after Versailles was a half recovery. And Hitler exploited the half rations in German history to build up the enormous, terrible lie of fascism.

DEMAREE BESS does the same. It is true that Germany and Japan have had conflicting interests in the past. It is true that German capitalism gave up its opportunities in China reluctantly, and only because of the political necessities behind the 1936 alliance with Tokyo. It is true that many Reichswehr officers trained Chiang Kai-shek's armies in the early thirties. (Bess conceals the fact that these officers were on private missions, were interested in China's anti-Communist potentialities, and were withdrawn not only because of the alliance with Japan, but because the United Front changed the whole character of China's military tactics.) And it is also true that if both powers won the war they might conflict again over the spoils of Asia.

But the conflict of the past and potential conflict of the future has nothing to do with the *vital fact of the present,* and that is that Germany and Japan, the original members of the Axis, have been working hand-in-glove to destroy the rest of the world. The mere fact that they have agreed to forget the past and not worry over the future emphasizes their community of interest today.

ACCORDING to Demaree Bess, Hitler expected Japan to attack the Soviet Union in December. When that didn't happen, we are supposed to believe that Hitler was surprised and so withdrew his armies from Moscow in panic. Not the Russian winter, not the Red Army, but Japan's duplicity! But all that Bess reveals here is his own deep-rooted appeasement psychology. He is still trying to palm off the whole war on the Soviet Union. In fact, he says with a sigh that if Germany and Japan had "sincerely" adhered to the anti-Comintern idea, the world would look different today. Alas, for that tell-tale word "sincerely"! The unreconstructed appeaser, in the toils of his anti-Soviet fixation!

What Mr. Bess conceals is the whole essence of fascist collaboration, which is directed not only at socialist democracy, but at every democracy, including our own. Japan attacked the United States precisely because she was a loyal member of the Axis. Hitler was losing the military initiative in Russia; he was endangering the whole Axis with the loss of political initiative to the United Nations. Another half year of uninterrupted war production, another year of close Allied cooperation, and the Axis would have been on the skids.

Japan attacked to keep the world initiative in fascist hands. It is significant that the Tokyo war lords reaffirmed their Axis ties on November 25 in the ceremonies at Berlin. On November 26, the negotiations in Washington broke down. It was in the very last days of November that the German High Command told Hitler he was losing Rostov and losing the initiative to the Russians. And significantly enough, it took exactly those next ten days for the Japanese aircraft carriers to approach Pearl Harbor. What the Japanese did therefore was to open a second front for their allies. The function of a second front is to divert attention from the main front. There's no better proof of the reality of the Axis than the fact that Japan obliged Hitler when he needed it most. And as Mr. Bess knows, Hitler has twice in his last two speeches thanked the Japanese and made much of their cooperation.

But suppose we grant the idea, just for the sake of the argument. Very well, then, we have two enemies who aren't really friends. We have to decide how to beat them, bearing in mind that our strongest allies are in Europe, not in Asia. In such a situation the basic principle of strategy is to defeat your stronger enemy first. Because if you tackle the weaker one, you will still have the stronger one left. Whereas if you tackle the stronger one, the weaker one will still be weaker than yourself.

In other words, with our most powerful allies in Europe, our strategy demands that we help the British open a second front against Hitler this year. While we must do everything possible to delay and harass Japan in the Pacific, if we have to make a choice, it is *Hitler* who deserves our main attention. Considering these factors, we arrive at precisely the conclusions that Demaree Bess is trying to conceal from the American people.

FOR, after discussing his arguments, we are now in a position to examine Mr. Bess' motives. And his motives are transparent. First, the appeasers are trying to give Mr. Hitler a diversion and recuperation by emphasizing that Japan is the main enemy. The appeasers are afraid of Mr. Hitler's exhaustion and defeat. Second, the appeasers wish to lay the basis for perhaps coming to terms with Germany, ostensibly to fight the Yellow Peril. In his private speech to a secret meeting in New York on December 15, Mr. Lindbergh expressed regret that the "white race" was now divided. Third, if this strategy gets nowhere, the appeasers foresee a situation in which Japan will have to be rescued; after all they do not relish the idea of completely defeating Japan with all that would mean for the victory of democracy in Asia. So they leave a line open to the effect that Japan is a babe who mustn't be driven into Germany's arms.

Fourth, and most important of all, the strategy of the appeasers is to *deny the existence of the Axis in order to deny the necessity of an anti-Axis alliance.* If Japan and Germany are not really friends, then why need we be friends with Britain and the Soviet Union? It's the old game of throwing the Soviets to the wolves, of dividing the British empire with the wolves, on the theory that a fascist America would share leadership—so they think—in a fascist world.

Desperate in their aims, pathetic in their logic, traitorous to their country's cause, Hitler's friends still carry on.

JOSEPH STAROBIN.

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INDIA: GIANT ARSENAL IGNORED

Millions in manpower, an industrial output twice that of pre-war France. A miracle that can come to pass. Claude Cockburn tells what obstructs the way. America's responsibility.

London (by cable).

IF THE Allied powers were suddenly presented with the manpower for a new army of 10,000,000 soldiers; if this manpower were surrounded by industrial resources capable of being forged quickly into a war industry twice as big as that of pre-war France; and if this mighty powerhouse of war were discovered exactly at the point where it was most easily utilizable to strengthen the weakest point in our world front—why then I suppose we should say that a miracle had occurred to enable us to encompass the speedy defeat of the Axis powers. And if anyone said that for various reasons we would refrain from mobilizing or training that army, refrain too from building that war industry, we should lock him up. And yet this is not a "miracle." It is a fact. *It is India.* And we are still behaving as though we did not believe the evidence of our eyes, the evidence of the plain facts. To say that India is "possibly the most important determining factor for winning victory" is not an overstatement. It can be factually demonstrated. And yet those most immediately capable of utilizing that factor are behaving as though it scarcely existed, or existed as a liability instead of an asset.

For example: the population of India is 389,000,000 according to the preliminary figures of the 1941 census. Yet the very highest published estimates give the strength of the Indian army as only approximately 1,000,000. China with a population in the unoccupied areas very much smaller than India has an army at least four times the size, apart from its huge guerrilla forces. And we learned last week that the corps of popular volunteers being raised by the Indian National Congress is to be employed not as a fighting force but to "calm civilian morale" and "stop rumor mongering," and is awaiting permission to cooperate with the official ARP forces.

India's waterpower resources are 27,000,000 horsepower. Those of the United States are 35,000,000. But while the United States uses more than thirty-three percent of its potential horsepower, India uses less than five percent of hers. India has 36,000,000,000 tons of coal. It has 3,000,000,000 tons of iron ore. And its steel production was only 1,000,000 tons in 1938 and is scheduled to reach only 2,000,000 under the full expansion program at present contemplated. Sir Alfred Watson, formerly editor of the Calcutta *Statesman,* has written that India "is better equipped than almost any other country in the world to be self-sufficient with her raw materials utilized as they should be." Yet in 1940 Indian coal output actually decreased. Manufacture of munitions is going on for the most part not in big new plants but in "converted" railway workshops and jute mills. And last October Mr. Amery, British Secretary of State for India, calmly informed the House of Commons that the manufacture of internal combustion engines in India is "not a practical proposition so far as the present war is concerned." Lord Wedgwood in Parliament recently made further horrifying charges about the lack of munitions production and lack of manpower mobilization in India.

WE HAVE seen what happened in Malaya. They told us there was "no time" to develop guerrilla fighters there. Certain it is that nobody even began to allow the Malayans and Chinese to get on with the job until the Japanese were already well advanced into the Peninsula. Chungking dispatches report Chinese newspapers saying "The complete failure to mobilize native manpower to assist in the defense of Malaya, Burma, and India is a great loss to Britain and we hope the British will arm the Burmese masses and rush Chinese troops to the South to defend Rangoon. . . . The defense of Burma is still possible but it all depends upon whether Britain is able to utilize Indian reinforcements, mobilize the Burmese effectively, and employ Chinese forces in Burma."

It is not possible instantly to train and equip an Indian army of 10,000,000 men. There is still plenty of time to train and equip 2,000,000 Indian guerrillas while the bigger armies are being raised. But there is time only on condition that we begin now. It is not possible instantly to double India's steel output or quadruple the output of munitions in India. There is plenty of time to start turning out special categories of weapons and to start a vast expansion of Indian industry. (Present Indian government schemes call for the industrial training of precisely 15,000 men per year—out of a population of 390,000,000.)

Everything that can be done immediately can be shown, of course, to be "inadequate." Everything that could be done in China immediately after the Japanese attack more than four years ago could be shown to be "inadequate." Yet China, with industrial resources and organizational machinery incredibly inferior to India's, nevertheless did get ahead doing all these "inadequate" things, with results which the world knows.

On three conditions can India be mobilized into a powerhouse and arsenal or war quicker than China ever could have been—much quicker. The conditions are sufficiently obvious despite the pitiful obscurantism of recent speeches by Amery and the Duke of Devonshire who behave as though this were a debate in the Oxford Union Society. First, there has to be a new immediate political approach to the leaders of the Indian national movement, and their essential immediate demands have to be met to a point which will genuinely release the Indian national will to defense and to victory. Second, there has to be a complete reversal of present industrial and financial policies tending to limit and strangle Indian industrial production. Third—and this is inseparable from the second condition—there has to be a vast pumping of money into India to enable a quick drive forward by Indian industry to accomplish what would otherwise take years.

This is the time to start doing these things. Swift as has been the Japanese advance, there is still time. Especially as the overriding exigencies of Axis strategy, with the Red Army beating the life out of the German Army on the Russian front, probably call for a temporary attempt by the Japanese to bypass India, striking at Colombo and reaching for control of the Western Indian Ocean in an effort to link with the German drive from the West against Egypt. Every improvement in Indian production now means a reduction in shipping space needed for supplies to the East. Every improvement in Indian production now means an offset to the loss of communication facilities through the Mediterranean. The failure to free the Mediterranean route by advance into Tripoli can be partially made good now in the Indian factories and on Indian training grounds.

INDIA is not simply a "British problem" or "an Indian problem." India is a common and crucial factor in the common strategy of the Allies. For the United States to cooperate in a common allied strategy with Britain and China and regard India as being outside the scope of American interest, just does not make sense. The American people have as urgent and as legitimate an interest in getting India mobilized as the British people have. And the American people's voice in this matter cannot be disregarded in London. Nor is this an academic matter. The United States can play a practical part in helping to organize the way forward for India. A year or so ago the United States offered to build and equip an aircraft factory in India. At that time the British government was not noticeably enthusiastic about the idea. American technical assistance is already at work in the small beginnings of the Indian air frame industry. These are pointers in the proper direction. It is essential that parallel with the new approach to the political problem there is a joint Allied economic policy designed to help India build itself into the mighty anti-fascist force it desires to be and can be. It is terribly late. It is still not too late—the prize is victory.

CLAUDE COCKBURN.

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LINCOLN, 1942

Many men have seen Lincoln in many ways. William Blake assays the true worth of the Civil War President in light of today's crisis. "Who was he? What did he face?" The political realist.

FOR fifty years after his martyrdom Abraham Lincoln, savior of the Union and emancipator of the slave, was embalmed in history as he had been by the skilled undertakers of Washington. A patriotic symbol, he was made into a fetish of the nabobs of the GOP, a "great historic figure," sanctified in the way that men are made gods, by mummification; at last, the mere lavishing of praises led to a cool, skeptical, and sometimes hostile view of his career. Lord Charnwood made him into a gentleman, Carl Sandburg, despite sympathy and plenitude of learning, into a populist, others, mindful of his conservatism and piecing together his cautious and unheroic remarks (like Miss Strunsky) "deflated" the legend, while others, mistaking the adoration of Herndon and concentrating on his pictures of Lincoln's blemishes, sought deep for scandal. The so-called objective historians, like Randall, balanced the evidence and deprived him of color in the name of corrective science. But the people worshipped him. The number of books multiplied which told of his every gesture, his yarns, his humanity. The people were fascinated by this homespun man; their perceptions were hymned by the mourning Walt Whitman. The bards have always sensed his meaning for the people. Whether a Vachel Lindsay or a Sandburg, even a Lowell, they are ecstatic and if Edgar Lee Masters calumniated him, he was the one exception.

Nothing, though, could resurrect Lincoln except the living again of a crisis such as he experienced. Once the lords of the Republican Party had sold the Negroes and whites in the South into economic and political subjection, once the profits of the Civil War capitalists grew into plutocratic amassings, Lincoln might be invoked, but he could not be understood. Who was he? What did he face?

AFTER 1848 the hopes of European labor, even the hopes of European bourgeois liberals, lay in the dust. The men whose hands were stained with the blood of Paris workers made fortunes under Napoleon III. The Roman republic was subdued in the same shameful, abetting manner as the Spanish republic in our time. Mazzini was an exile as La Pasionaria became—but he had no such refuge as she. Naples was subject to a medieval barbarism. Britain, its Chartists destroyed or in exile, was the appanage of a small family circle of noble oligarchs. The czarist knout had whipped freedom into the grave in Austria and Prussia and Europe fawned on the autocrat. In the United States the lynch spirit was consummated in the shameful Know-Nothing movement, in bleeding Kansas, and in the Dred Scott decision. The South, using border ruffians at home and filthy adventurers like William Walker in Central America, sought a slave empire that would stretch to meet Dom Pedro's slave empire in Brazil. The Abolitionist movement seemed to conservative people up North a lunatic fringe. In 1859, at the time of the John Brown hanging, a man might be forgiven for despairing of civilization as so many men have despaired before the "inevitable" march of fascism today.

Yet underneath this crust, there raged the fires of liberty. The pioneers who sought free land were numerous, the immigrant into America militant; so were the artisan and the small merchant. Capital was not sufficiently concentrated for them to be subdued; they were still significant in a country whose state structure was as simple as the United States, a country without a national debt and only a skeleton army and nearly no bureaucracy, with practically no taxation. Here, where the state, though it could and was utilized by the slaveholders, was not completely the machine of a privileged class, operating through an oligarchy, the slave power met resistance. That resistance did not embrace a majority of the people, directly. But forty percent of Americans showed in the 1860 election that they were hostile to the growth of the slave power; and, in the dominant Democratic Party, so deep were the elements of resistance, that it was split and only eighteen percent voted for the slaveholders' man, Breckinridge. A minority, and not too courageous a minority, but representing the gropings and the real interests of the majority, was to gain control of the Federal government, and its nominee, Lincoln, chosen largely because he was not the most radical in his party, was inaugurated. With him was a galaxy of all the talents, in Cabinet, Senate, and the House. These talents verged from radicals like Thaddeus Stevens to time-serving, pseudo-radicals like Seward and down to outright corruptionists like Simon Cameron. Lincoln, a man whose private life was miserable, whose traumas, spiritually, were frightening, was politically the supreme realist. He knew that the impudence of the slave owners in breaking the Union had a European basis, since exports were their life blood. The European tyrannies, the one blemish on whose perfect world was the example of freedmen in the United States, understood the signal of secession. Queen Victoria violated international law at once by declaring the seceded states to be full belligerents—exactly as the United States was itself to do so tragically in 1936 with reference to Spain's enemies. Scheming Napoleon III, with the Hapsburg dynasty, broke the peon's apostle Juarez, in Mexico, and smashed the republic so as to rebuild monarchy on this continent. The British Tories sought every pretext, especially on the high seas, to embroil us in war. When for the first time in decades a whole people had risen for liberty anywhere in Western civilization and on a great scale, as we did in the North, European reaction

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thought its high day had come and tried to destroy the last vestiges of democracy on this earth. Only in Russia, where the liberals, dreading the possibility of losing their one victory, the emancipation of the serfs, were still powerful, and where this liberal interest coincided with dynastic interest, did America have friends in the governing classes.

AT HOME Lincoln, head of a mixed party, had to save the Union by balancing every element. He could not break the party "machine" for then he would have had no vehicle to rally the people. He felt he could not lose in the Border states by premature emancipation. He could not decline the alliance of financial elements, however inordinate their profits, but through the "grand committee" of the House of Congress, led by Stevens and the son of Robert Owen, he at least exposed the rascals for posterity. He was compelled to submit to the conquest of Mexico, though the superb diplomatic notes of Seward, assailing the European courts, are the best phrased documents in our diplomacy. Lincoln understood, with as sure an instinct as a man of his time, class, and training could possess, in which classes lay the roots of liberty. His letters, speeches, messages emphasize everywhere the worker (by which he meant largely the independent artisan), the free farmer, the sympathetic European working class, and (for this class too had to be progressive whatever its greed) those capitalists who foresaw America's industrial destiny and the fatal threat to American development by the ever-increasing needs of the slave power. Lincoln knew that in England the only class (not merely a few philanthropists) who could save him from war were the factory laborers. True, he had limitations, his granting rich men substitutes and bonus payments to avoid military service gave the traitors in the North a popular handle for discontent. On the question of Negro colonization, in his hopes for a limited franchise, as was shown in his Louisiana policy, the old political horsetrader and trimmer sometimes overcame the wise, high-minded statesman who saw clear. Yet, we can see that these blemishes were merely temporary. He was as hesitant about slavery at first, as he was hesitant about conscription later. He grew with events: on the question of reconstruction he would have grown similarly. Death cut him off as his first perceptions flowered. Those who study the evolution of his thoughts from 1863 to 1865 on Reconstruction can have few doubts as to what course he would have pursued.

TODAY, when the American people faces a fascist coalition intent on the reduction of free labor to peonage and even worse, perhaps to chattel slavery, when liberty has been extinguished over most of Europe and part of Asia, when a Hitler arrogantly proclaims those race theories that were the shibboleths of slaveholders in America, when he prattles about the wrong side having won in the American Civil War to his confederate Rauschning, when the workers' state is assailed in the Soviet Union by wanton Prussian landlords, when the exigencies of history also align most capitalists with the people's needs, exactly as in the Civil War period, when the forces that make for progress, despite their formal contradictions, must be marshaled for an all-out fight, when to conserve freedom is the surest means to assure the future (whatever the defects in the society to be preserved), when covert treason and an affinity for the beliefs of tyranny are widespread at home, this is the time that we can understand concretely what Lincoln faced and what Lincoln did. For while he struggled against the slavepower, Negroes were sent back to slavery by certain Union generals. While he fought sedition at home, and was assailed by academic friends of freedom of speech, this democratic genius still did not elevate Abolitionists to high posts in the Republican Party. Just as today, when the United States is in a battle to the death by the side of the Soviet Union against the fascists, the FBI still hounds persons whose political convictions are those of our Allies, so the enemies of slavery were assailed at home while our boys in blue fought to carry out their policies. In all these contradictions and difficulties, so reminiscent of our times, whatever the different class content, however different the level of struggle, we see the figure of Abraham Lincoln, libertarian and statesman of democracy. Our generation is fortunate that it can understand him: we can show this understanding only by our emulation. Our gratitude can be measured only by completing the edifice of human freedom at which that inspired mason worked so diligently and for which he gave his life.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS

FREDERICK A. DOUGLASS was among the most forceful and brilliant of all American leaders in the stormy, crucial half-century of 1840-90. This great Negro Abolitionist and campaigner for Abraham Lincoln was born in the same month as Lincoln exactly a century and a quarter ago. Few historians have attempted to present him in full stature, yet Frederick Douglass performed a service for America that cannot be overestimated and which should be remembered today as never before. Without him the nation might not have emerged whole from the savage disunity of Civil War. It was Douglass' call in 1862, "Men of Color: To Arms!", which rallied Negroes into the Union ranks. It was Douglass who, in a twenty-one-month tour through England, Scotland, and Ireland, solidified British workers against the slave owners. Later as a refugee in England, following his indictment for having "conspired" with John Brown, he was largely responsible for the fact that Britain withheld recognition of the Confederacy.

Not only did he fight for unity of the nation against secession and disruption. All of his life Douglass militantly advocated unity of Negro and white. His battles against racial discrimination brought results. In 1866 he led a Negro delegation to the White House to insist that President Johnson carry out his promise of extending the franchise to the Negroes. Johnson would not even hear their message, but Douglass went to the people of America. He worked through the Negro organizations, led the 1867 Loyalist Convention in Philadelphia and tremendously assisted in passing the Fifteenth Amendment—as he had led in securing passage of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth. Five years later he was nominated for the Vice Presidency by the Equal Rights Party.

Nearly fifty years have passed since Douglass' death, which also occurred in February. Remember him now, as Negroes again rally to the defense of America; remember him when you remember Private Robert Brooks, son of a Kentucky sharecropper, first American to be killed in the Pacific fighting. And remember Frederick A. Douglass in his valiant leadership of the fight for an indivisible nation preserved and strengthened by the common effort of all its citizens.

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UNKNOWN SAILOR

A U-boat popped up somewhere in the Atlantic. . . . The true story of one of Uncle Sam's boys who go down to the sea in ships. "No man," Alvah Bessie writes, "was less afraid of meeting what he met."

LET ME tell you a story.

There was a guy I met during the East Coast Seamen's strike in 1936. At that time I was working on a Brooklyn newspaper, and I was outraged by the editorial treatment they gave to the strike. I wrote a letter in reply to the editorial and took it over to the NMU headquarters and showed it to one of the boys. "Who the hell are *you?*" he said, after he'd read it, and I said, "I *work* on the *Eagle.*" "Whatya know?" he said. He had the letter retyped on NMU stationery, mailed it to my newspaper, and it was published. More than that, Joe Curran called on the editor and the editor was enough impressed by the delegation to change his attitude about the strike. That was how it started.

For they tell us that theory is useless without practice. So the first thing you knew, I was not only writing a little publicity for the strike, but my home in Brooklyn was the headquarters of the Brooklyn Citizens' Committee for the strikers. Day and night the place was full of sailors, hard guys I'd never met the like of before; soft guys you only had to take a look at to love. That's the word; love. I remember a lot of them. One was named Robinson, and he went to Spain and got badly wounded. Another one was named Mac, who was the dispatcher for awhile at the Brooklyn hall. He had two pals; one named Dick Tynan, one named John Kozar.

THIS story is about Kozar. The guy was built like a piledriver. His hands were big as hams and hard as wood. He said he was part Russian and part American Indian. He said he'd been born in Pennsylvania, worked in the mines as a kid, later became a seaman. I remember taking him and Mac to a Newspaper Guild party. Mac got drunk and amiable, and Kozar merely sat in a corner grinning. Neither of them ever got over that party. It was a lulu. That must have been the night I asked Kozar why he wore those genteel octagonal glasses. He told me there was nothing wrong with his eyes, but that the glasses made him look like a gentleman. We laughed. I wondered about that.

The guy was full of stories, none of which it was ever possible to believe. Why? Because he always told them with a grin on his face, and they were so fantastic that they strained credulity. So when he told these stories we merely laughed, and he laughed with us. But after all they might as well have been true—sailors get around the world and see queer things.

Kozar disappeared around the same time as his friend Tynan, and we later heard they'd gone to Spain. Tynan was killed almost immediately, driving a truck at Belchite—a shell landed in his truck. Kozar I met later, after I'd been in Spain awhile myself. He came down the road in a truck and asked for me. When I came out onto the road he said, "Hello," and handed me a jar of cold tea. That's right, tea. (With sugar in it.) It developed he was working as a mechanic about three kilometers down the road, in a little hospital we had there. He was in charge of a small dynamo that generated the hospital's electricity.

From that point on the story gets even more fantastic. He'd been transferred against his will from the *camions* into being a *mecanico.* Why? Because he was a mechanic and mechanics were scarce. He had removed himself from behind the lines, and was discovered in a machine gun nest of the British battalion, sent back to the rear. He was chastened. If they wanted him to be a mechanic, run a dynamo and repair trucks and engines, okay. But he was doing a few other things besides. He had fitted up what was once a stable, and he had somewhere or other "organized" various objects of utility and luxury. Among these objects: a rug for the stone floor; a table with an embroidered cloth; pictures for the walls; pots and pans and kitchen utensils of all sorts; a Primus stove; cots and mattresses; chests full of tools of all sorts. He wore a keyring on his finger day and night—the keys to his chests were on the ring.

And in this strange place, noisy with the sound of the small dynamo, he held perpetual open house for the men of the Mac-Pap, Lincoln, and British battalions who were quartered nearby during a rest period. We used to walk down there—Milt Wolff and Leonard Lamb and Aaron Lopoff, Ed Rolfe and Murray Goldstein and Luke Hinman, Yale Stuart—lots of us, and Kozar wrought his miracles. These were the miracles: coffee (American); chocolate and tea; British orange marmalade; French fried potatoes; eggs (real); butter (real butter); bread-and-butter, sugar. Kozar never smoked, but he always had a supply of tobacco on hand—cigarettes and pipe tobacco, even cigars. Don't ask me where he got any of these things; he never would tell us. People gave them to him, I guess, the British nurses who were quartered there, others. He never spoke those nights we were his guests; he was too busy brewing tea, coffee, cocoa, making French fried potatoes, spreading bread and butter and marmalade. He wore a pair of shorts over his powerful legs, and the keyring on his finger. The genteel glasses were gone somewhere, but the grin was always present.

HE CAME back from Spain sick with rheumatism and indigestion and spent some time in the southwest before he began sailing out again. Whenever he got to port, he used to look me up. I remember one time he came back from a long stretch at sea, with a black beard and a monocle and a British accent. "Cut it out," I said. He laughed, but the beard remained for awhile, the monocle was held firmly in the eye, and the British accent remained with him. He was a kid, I decided; he liked to get a rise out of people. Also, more of his past history came out that I had heard, but had forgotten. He had been in trouble in England for knocking a seagoing scab into the middle of Trafalgar Square. He regretted this loss of temper, as unbecoming a seaman, an anti-fascist, and a good union man. He never regretted the time he said he spent (several months) in a German concentration camp in Hamburg, for smuggling anti-fascist literature into Germany. This was about the same time Ernest Simpson was imprisoned in Germany; you read about Simpson, but you never read about Kozar.

He sailed out again, and was long gone. When he came back, around Christmas, he had shaved the beard, lost the monocle, but the British accent, very genteel, remained. He kept pulling our legs, laughing all the time. He said he had been to Singapore since we last saw him; that he had left Pearl Harbor three days before the Japanese attack. He was indignant because there were no deep shelters in Singapore for the native population; he was furious that he had not been in Pearl Harbor when the Japanese attacked.

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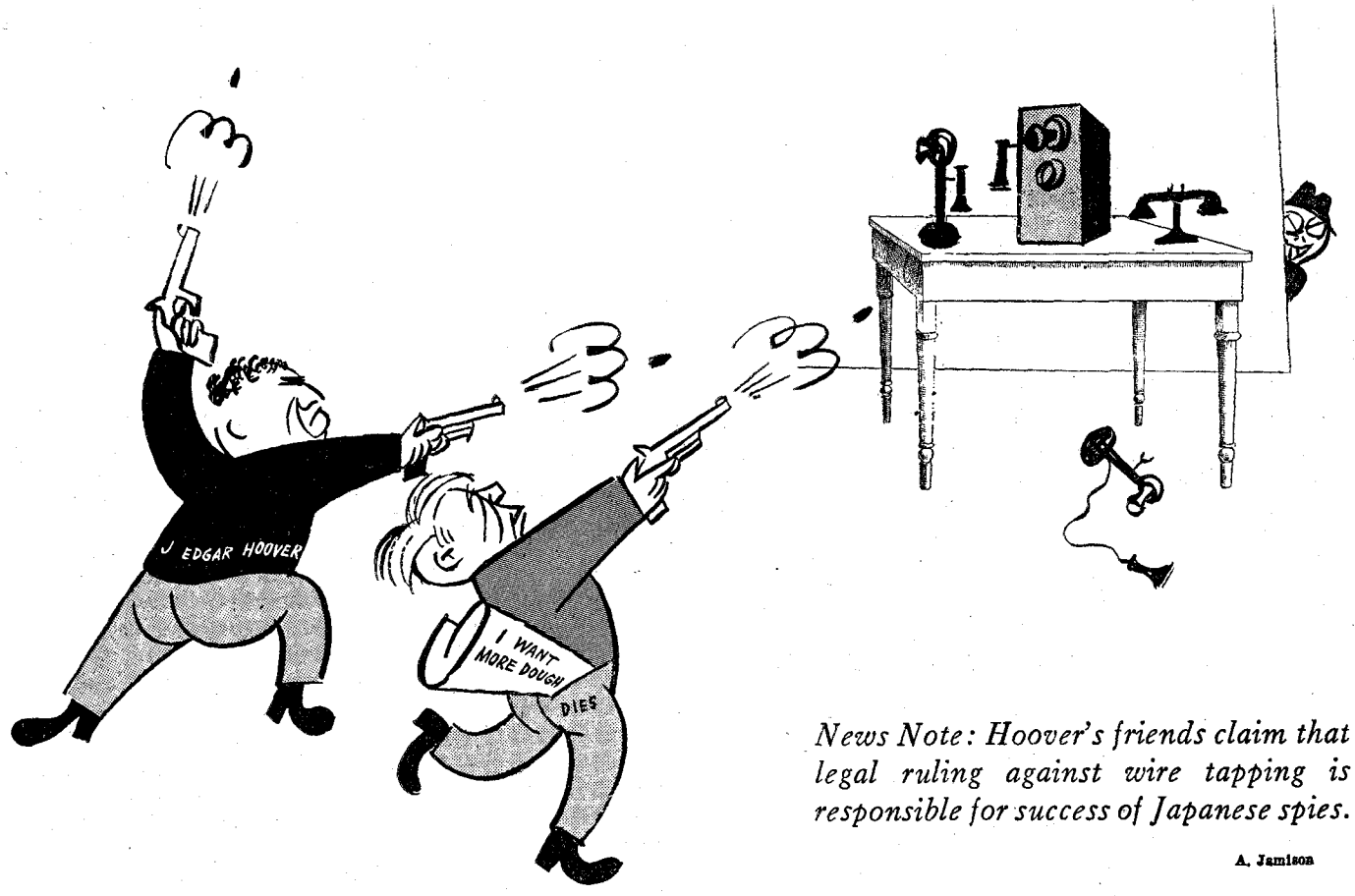

News Note: Hoover's friends claim that legal ruling against wire tapping is responsible for success of Japanese spies.

A. Jamison

"I'm off to Canada tonight," he said, "will be back tomorrow and sail out again. First assistant engineer. You'd like to go where I'm going," he said.

"I'm sure I would," I said. "But they'll get you yet."

"Not me," he said. "I've got a charmed life." He laughed and spoke again in his genteel British accent. "I consulted a fortune teller in Singapore," he said, "and she told me I'd be back there in six months."

He told us he had a wife in Canada, and we laughed again. This *was* news. We spoke of his first torpedoing—when he had been on his way to Spain from France in the *City of Barcelona.* I *knew* he was in that one, because it was printed in the papers. I didn't believe, however, the rest of the story, that he had swum ashore with a pound of Maxwell House coffee in his teeth, and a suitcase in one hand. We asked him to go to the movies with us, but he said, no, he'd have to blow. To repay us for a fruitless call to Toronto to his non-existent wife (she didn't answer) he bought our movie tickets for 88c and said, "So long. See you when I get back."

"*If* you get back," I said, and we both laughed.

I HAVE learned many things since that day late in December. For one—that he wore his glasses to compensate for the loss of one eye in a union battle with scabs in the coal fields. That he *has* a wife in Toronto. That he *did* spend time in a Hitler concentration camp for bringing anti-fascist literature into the Reich. That he *had* been to Singapore and Pearl Harbor and was on his way to a place I'd have liked to go. He'd picked up the British accent in a British prison—union activity.

And I have learned something else as well. I've learned that John Kozar's ship was sunk on its way across the North Atlantic late in January, and that it was definite that he was lost. It was confirmed. There was no doubt about it.

It is impossible to believe that man is dead. He grinned all the time and his body was like rock and his hands were like wood. And he was soft and sensitive as a baby. He enjoyed the mere process of living more than most people I have ever met; and he enjoyed doing things for other people—a commonplace, we say, but how many of us make it a cardinal principle of life? He grew up in a working class family, and he was first, last, and always a working class guy. He was a union coal miner, and did his job in the Pennsylvania coal mines; he was a union seaman, and he did his job on the NMU picket lines in 1936, and other times. He was, at all times, an impromptu organizer for his union, for the great idea of international human solidarity. He was indefatigable. He did his job as a union man, as an anti-fascist, in Spain—as a soldier, as a driver, as a mechanic, as an organizer. And he was still doing his job as an anti-fascist seaman, carrying goods and supplies to our Allies. His life was all of a piece.

John Kozar was born in 1914.

He died at sea in January 1942.

His death was, like his life, a part of the struggle—the solid, monolithic struggle against international fascism; he would not have understood any other kind of life. Maybe you think he was a whack—wearing a monocle, assuming a British accent. If you do—as I did for a time—you fail in comprehension of a man. This boy was knocked around from pillar to post from the time he was old enough to see. He rarely had a home. He never had the wherewithal to make a comfortable life. His understanding of the issues came—not from books—but the hard way. He was born and lived and died a working stiff.

Thinking of his death—which is almost impossible for me—I will never know what really happened. Details are lacking. Was he trapped below decks when the hideous explosion came, when the water came in like a wall of stone? I hope to God he was. I hope to God he didn't have to swim in that January water till he drowned, or float in an open lifeboat like so many of his comrades in other ships the Nazi submarines have sunk.

But this it *is* possible to know, knowing him: That no man ever faced those fascist bastards with a brighter grin on his amiable puss. That no man I ever met was less afraid of meeting what he met.

ALVAH BESSIE.

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R—DAY

If you are between the ages of 21 and 44, you will register for the draft. Do you know its origins? Cromwell's New Model Army and the levee en masse of 1792. What George Washington said.

THROUGHOUT its history conscription has been marked by two seemingly contradictory aspects. On the one hand there is equality before the law. Class privileges which dominate other fields of life provide no assurance of personal immunity. On the other hand, the process is one which superior authority imposes upon the individual. In these two aspects—let us call them the democratic and the compulsory—we have the basis for genuine understanding of the uses of the draft, an understanding which every American should acquire for both today and tomorrow. For conscription is an instrument of a country's foreign policy, just or unjust as the war which it serves is just or unjust. And the character of a war expresses itself in the degree of democracy in army regulations and administration, as it does in every other phase of national life.

THE Greeks and Romans of old knew this. As the city states of small tillers of the soil expanded into great empires dominated by wealthy merchants and landlords, the citizen militias, in which all able-bodied freemen fought side by side to protect their homes, were displaced by armies of conquest comprising a relatively smaller proportion of the population. With the gradual disintegration of feudal controls the men of the Middle Ages found themselves taking up arms as free yeomen, replacing the feudal knights. Generally, however, in modern times up to the French Revolution fighting was done by professional, volunteer, and mercenary armies, aided when necessary by wretched conscripts assigned to auxiliary positions. The Hessians, the Swiss Guard, the Michelangelo-costumed Vatican regiment, together with such phrases as "now in the service of," "gentleman adventurer," "soldier of fortune," all serve to remind us of the frequently changing personal loyalties of the early modern fighters—loyalties to a royal, episcopal, or ducal employer rather than to a national cause.

In contrast, Cromwell's New Model Army, psalm-singing as it went forth to battle, was an instrument befitting the bourgeois revolution of seventeenth-century England and a forerunner of what was to emerge generally from the eighteenth-century French revolution—a mass army rooted in the people and consciously fighting for a common cause. Just as after 1917 the revolutionary leaders of the Russian peoples had to build from the ranks to replace the czarist legions, so did the French revolutionary system have to dispense with the archaic armies of the kings. The revolutionists' early reversals (1791-92) in their war against the tyrants of Europe demonstrated the need, and historical necessity mothered the social invention, of a new instrument. The country was in danger. Therefore in 1792, and especially the next year, various calls to service, of *levee en masse,* were adopted under the slogan of "the nation in arms." Conscripts ceased to be necessary evils, temporary appendages to a professional army. They formed the mass of the fighting forces, and as hereditary privilege and rank were swept away it became possible for more than one peasant's son to carry the proverbial marshal's baton in his knapsack.

The panoplied armies of the kings, who had rejoiced in their early victories over a revolutionary government which relied on a royalist army, were now no match for *les nouveaux français,* as they called the reorganized enemy in tribute to his new-found strength. "What astonished the Allies most of all was the number and the velocity of the Republicans. . . . Discomfort that would have caused wholesale desertion in the professional armies was cheerfully borne by the men of 1793-94. . . . Thus 1793 saw the birth of the modern system of war—rapidity of movement, full development of national strength, bivouacs, requisitions and force, as against cautious manœuvering, small professional armies, tents and full rations, and chicane. The first represented the decision-compelling spirit, the second the spirit of risking little to gain a little. . . ." (C. F. Atkinson, "French Revolutionary Wars," *Encyclopedia Britannica,* 12th ed.)

It is thus from the French Revolution that military historians correctly date the emergence of conscription as a standard military procedure. The essential difference between the new and old style armies was less one of structure than of spirit. It was the newly rooted morale which successfully defended revolutionary France against the combined royal armies of Europe. Nor was the draft a mere military expediency. To Robespierre and the advanced Jacobin thinkers, it was part of the whole program of an extended democracy *a la* Rousseau.

The democratic barometer at home declined as the wars took on a less progressive character. The 1798 constitution permitted exemption from the draft upon payment of a stated sum. Heredity was no longer important, but cash values were. Apart from the social inequity involved in making military service a penalty for poverty, the commutation provision deprived the conscription system of its chief value in terms of democratic morale. Whatever Napoleon's later military successes, they were not achieved by an army rooted in the nation. For the morale of a national democratic cause he had to substitute the glitter of a resplendent personal imperialism.

Meanwhile Prussia, supreme devotee of the traditional military style, had been humbled at Jena. Her rulers decided to increase their numerical military strength, which had been sharply reduced by the Treaty of Tilsit (1807), by imitating some of the French innovations. They therefore introduced the second major step in the history of modern conscription: *universal service.* French conscription had meant that men were drafted in numbers necessary to meet battlefield needs. But the Prussians took all who met the age requirements except certain exempt categories, trained them for a year or two, sent them home to form part of the reserve (which was freshened up from time to time with short training periods), called up a new class, and repeated the process systematically, in peace and in war. This was the system which, in the Franco-Prussian War, led to triumphs over a decadent army lost in stale Napoleonic memories. Subsequent to the Prussian victory, it was the system adopted by the whole continent by the time of the first world war. It is the system that has been in effect in the Soviet Union for many years.

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Yet we may be grateful that we have not had this system in the United States (or in Great Britain). For everywhere except in the Soviet Union it has lent itself to the building up of a military "class" consisting of a numerically small but politically and socially powerful group of permanent officers, and to the militarization and reactionary indoctrination of the people as a whole. "Prussianism" it used to be called in the last war, but in fact Russian novels, Viennese operettas, Hungarian dramas, French romances, and Italian operas all present the same picture of late nineteenth and early twentieth century Europe—the gay, aristocratic swagger of the officer lording it over the simple townsfolk or lowly servants, the tragedy of young love interrupted by the dread call to military service, the rather foolish young conscript returned to parrot the ideas of his military (and socio-economic) betters. This was the pattern of the Europe (and Europeanized Japan) that bled its millions to death in the mass armies of the World War. It was conscription all right, but it was not the nation in arms as the Jacobins had conceived it. In the Soviet Union a socialist society has guaranteed that such abuses cannot exist. For not only are the army and the people united but democracy permeates the army, whose members are among the most politically advanced of the Soviet population.

IN OUR own country the draft has had a varied history. Even before the French Revolution George Washington had urged it upon the weak federal government of the American Revolution: "I believe our greatest and only aid will be derived from drafting, which I trust may be done by the United States." It was not done by the United States but by Massachusetts and Virginia—the two colonies in which revolutionary patriotism was most advanced, and which perhaps contributed most to the fighting. The tragic sufferings symbolized by Valley Forge would have been avoided by a systematic conscription plan.

In 1863, after the Confederacy had adopted the draft to compel an unwilling populace to fight the slave owners' battle, the Union democratically adopted a conscription plan to unify the national effort—illustrating in one war the two kinds of uses to which the draft could be put. The enactment of the Civil War draft is of special significance to New Yorkers. In 1863 Tammany was the haven for appeasers, Copperheads, and would-be traitors. It did not hesitate to stir up racial passions or associate itself with criminal elements. In New York, which impatient patriots accused of being a "southern city," where treasonable sentiment was rife among the wealthy, Tammany gangsters organized a draft riot which went on for six days. For forty-eight hours the city was at the mercy of the hoodlums, who murdered, pillaged, and destroyed with indiscriminate fury. The horrors culminated in the burning of an asylum containing some 800 Negro orphans and nurses.

The fact is, however, that the people had a justified grievance in the commutation provisions of the Draft Act, which permitted anyone who could pay $300 to escape its effects. It has been estimated that the act worked out so that fully one-third of the conscripts escaped by paying the oath. Thus it was a conscription of the lives of the poor and a percentage of the money of the rich. The story of the Draft Riots has a lesson for us today—that inequalities and injustices in a draft system provide fertile ground for appeaser propaganda.

The first world war draft had no cash commutation provisions, but in point of fact many democratic safeguards were violated. They were violated, stupidly and often maliciously,

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because in an undemocratic war a "democratic" draft is merely a demagogic expression. Political pull and bribery got exemptions for men who had no right to them while others, with family dependents or engaged in necessary industries, were taken to make up the breach in local quotas. Nor were the first phases of the draft as established by the 1940 Selective Service Act totally free of maladministration, often due to appeasers sitting on many draft boards. There has been considerable improvement since then, but caution is required to protect the draft administration against men whose viewpoint inclines to the anti-democratic attitudes of our enemies. Business as usual and politics as usual have also played their part in local draft administrations, and are as dangerous locally as all Americans have now recognized them to be nationally.

IN TODAY'S *democratic* war conscription is a vital necessity. As we have seen, it has its roots deep in democratic history. In the democracy of the army camp, men from all walks of life can learn a free and easy commingling unknown to the totalitarian new order. With us the draft will become an increasing source of strength. With the fascists, on the other hand, it has already become a source of great weakness. The draft army of Russia today has won the grateful admiration of the entire democratic world, and has astonished its fascist enemies as the French revolutionary fighters astonished their royalist enemies. The draft is what you make it. A draft army, drawn from all ranks of the people, must know that it is a people's army in a people's war. It must sing psalms as did Cromwell's Roundheads, but with present-day texts, and the people from which the army springs must also know the words of those texts. Army morale and civilian morale thus become one.

LAWRENCE KEENAN.

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Editors
BARBARA GILES, A. B. MAGIL, RUTH McKENNEY, JOSEPH NORTH, JOSEPH STAROBIN, JOHN STUART

Washington Editor
BRUCE MINTON

Business Manager
CARL BRISTEL

★

Pacific Communique

THE struggle in the Far East has entered its most critical stage. Until now the Allied forces have been trying to delay the Japanese in the Philippines, in Borneo, and in Malaya. The longer the delay, the more costly would Japanese advances be, and the more time would be gained for the reinforcement of the key positions at Burma, Java, and Australia, the positions which are vital for an ultimate Allied counter-offensive. MacArthur's heroic fighters continue to bleed the Japanese at Bataan, but nevertheless on other sectors the Japanese have been breaking their way forward. Their lines are long and extended, they are still going ahead.

Singapore may be able to hold out for quite a while, but it seems more important that the Japanese have gotten across the Salween River in Burma, and now approach the roads to Rangoon. This port controls the rail line to the Burma Road; it is a stepping stone to the wealthiest Indian province of Bengal, and from the bay at Rangoon Japanese submarines and raiders would make things difficult for Allied shipping in the Indian Ocean.

At the same time the Japanese seem to have entrenched themselves on the Solomon Islands north of Australia. American raiding of the Marshal and Gilbert Islands, as well as Australian counter-assaults, have not yet borne fruit. Most serious of all, the Japanese struck directly last week at Java, which is the heart of the Dutch East Indies. They raided Surabaya, the main city, several times; the Dutch naval base at Amboina, which protects Java, seems to have been silenced; and on Borneo, just north of Java, the invaders press forward from Balik Papan.

So the Far Eastern theater faces its most serious period. Reinforcements are supposed to be en route, and American flying boats have made their appearance in some numbers. But the decisive question still revolves around the mobilization of the native peoples. The Dutch will certainly lose Java unless the thirty or forty million natives are drawn into the island's defenses; the British are realizing in Singapore how late they were to begin the mobilization of the native peoples in Malaya. Australia, also, is beginning to understand that there may not even be a "white man's Australia" unless the darker-skinned millions of people in the islands to the north are capable of defending themselves.

As Claude Cockburn points out in this week's cable, the question of retaining a base for an ultimate reconquest of the south Pacific is a question of India. And we may also say that while the $500,000,000 which Congress has sent to China is certainly a token of American friendship, China will be more impressed by what the United States will do to insist that the British begin mobilizing India in a serious way.

Setback in Libya

THE details of just what has happened in Libya have not yet come through, but the least we can say is that this latest setback is disappointing. The British offensive started out last November with the high hopes of getting to French Tunisia by the first of the year; and together with American preparations, as at Dutch Guiana, this would have opened up a perspective of routing the Nazis and fascists out of the Mediterranean. It would have helped pave the way for a second front on the continent.

But after getting to the Tripolitan side of Libya in a fairly rapid campaign, the British seem to have lost their superiority in tanks. And they don't seem to have been able to coordinate land and sea forces sufficiently well to prevent reinforcements from reaching General Rommel. Now the battle swings back. Despite substantial Italian and German losses, the danger to Egypt again grows acute.

This isn't only a British setback. It is a setback for us, too. More particularly it again focuses attention on the State Department's policy toward Vichy. According to the French journalist Pertinax, the Vichymen in Tunis placed shipping and trucking facilities at the disposal of the Axis, and that is how Rommel got his reinforcements. So here's another example of how appeasement of Vichy doesn't work. We send them shiploads of food, oil, and salt presumably for the native population and they turn around and help the Germans set our Allies back on their heels. And the setback is doubly serious because Hitler may very well open his thrust into the Near East this spring. Combined with a drive into Egypt, he may endanger the whole position at Suez, with everything that will mean for the Russian and British forces in Iran.

The fighting isn't over, and it may see-saw back again. But at least this much is clear: Libya is not a second front, and it won't begin to be the basis for a second front until American policy toward Vichy is changed. And until our allies are reinforced by much more materiel and manpower than they seem to have had this winter.

Advice from an Ally

DO THE Russians know a thing or two about jacking up production? What they have done in recent months shows they most emphatically do. A Reuters dispatch from London estimates that despite the grave economic losses from the German invasion, Soviet production in January 1942 was forty percent higher than in June 1940, and by spring it will have jumped to sixty percent That is why suggestions from our Soviet ally about the production problem carry weight.

N. M. Shvernik, head of the Soviet trade unions and chairman of the Soviet trade union delegation visiting England, has summed up his group's impressions after visiting sixty mills, factories, shipbuilding plants, and mines. He told a London mass meeting that "Great Britain's industry is working well." At the same time he noted that there were still unutilized reserves. Among the shortcomings Shvernik pointed to was the unwillingness of certain factory managements to accept suggestions from workers. "We saw, for instance, that the biggest production successes were scored at enterprises where the trade unions pay more attention to production problems and where the administration listens to their voice and the voice of all the workers."

This confirms the criticism made in recent issues of NEW MASSES by our London correspondent, Claude Cockburn. The setting up of a new Ministry of Production, headed by Lord Beaverbrook, is a step toward eliminating the business as usual practices. But in Britain, as in the United States, close cooperation with labor is needed for a real spurt to maximum output. And now that the CIO and AFL are working together to help win the war, mightn't it be a good idea for them to follow the example of the British trade unions and invite a delegation of Soviet unionists to give us the benefit of their experience?

Enemies of Morale

THE sudden attack by Diesmen in Congress against cultural projects of the OCD is not so sudden as it looks. In a very important way it is a continuation of the 1938 fight against WPA, with minor changes in phraseology. For "boondoggling" they say "frills and furbelows"; for "shovel leaners" they substitute "fan dancers." The attackers set out then to demolish national progress and morale built through work relief; their disservice is all the more atrocious today, in wartime. They seek to undermine national safety and morale strengthened by cultural activities. The same men who led the first attack are in the forefront of this one—the followers of Dies, who can always be trusted to pop up at such moments with a threat to "investigate" whatever progressive undertaking is under fire. Mr. Dies, of course, will not stop at the

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"frills and furbelows"; he himself has said that he wants to get at the whole OCD, to throw out the "Communists." It hardly need be pointed out by now that Martin's smearing expeditions victimize everyone who supports democracy, whether that person is Communist or not. And let no one be deceived that the present assault on the OCD is only a philistine thrust at artistic "fripperies," or expresses a personal aversion to Eleanor Roosevelt's appointees to the theatrical and physical-fitness divisions of OCD. A few years ago the same men who now reach for their guns when they hear the word "culture" went after the cultural projects of WPA as an easy target but they fired at *all* WPA. It would be tragic enough if they succeeded in killing off the OCD's artistic, musical, and theatrical undertakings. Worse, however, they aim at the whole undertaking of Civilian Defense, attempting to hamper and disrupt where all possible unity and participation are necessary. In this sense their activities are sinister to the point of being subversive.

Little Business, Big Problem

THE report of the Senate's Small Business Committee again calls attention to a problem which has been recently discussed by both the Senate's Truman committee investigating the defense program and the House's Tolan committee on defense labor migration. The Small Business body declares that the late Office of Production Management was "utterly ruthless toward little business," and it sees no sign of improvement in the new War Production Board.

There is no doubt that little business has been the stepchild of the war effort. Under the old National Defense Advisory Commission there was an Office of Small Business Affairs which accomplished little. This was succeeded under the OPM by the Defense Contract Service, which went through a lot of motions and gave birth to the astonishing proposal that the way to help little business was to increase the orders to the large companies beyond their capacity to produce so that they would be compelled to subcontract. There followed the Division of Contract Distribution under Floyd Odlum, which did succeed in converting for war production the washer and ironer industry, but found its efforts stymied in other respects.

There are at least three reasons why this question of the small businessman is urgent and concerns the entire country: 1. We cannot produce the 60,000 planes, 45,000 tanks, and other war items that must be turned out in 1942 unless *all* facilities, including those of small and medium firms, are utilized to the full. The Senate committee points out that of our 184,230 manufacturing establishments, fifty-six have received more than seventy-five percent of all Army and Navy contracts. The rest has been distributed among some 6,000 prime contractors, while an additional 4,000 concerns hold subcontracts. In other words, *over 174,000 companies have no specific war contracts.*

2. The wholesale bankruptcy of small manufacturers which can get neither war work nor materials for civilian production may work havoc with their morale and leave them prey to appeasers and fifth columnists.

3. The closing down of small factories will mean unemployment for many thousands and the derangement of entire communities.

The Senate committee proposes that a special division be set up in the War Production Board to handle the problem of enlisting little business in the program and that a separate corporation be established within the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to finance small firms. It also recommends—and this we feel is all-important—that little business be given "a definite and effective voice in the administration of the war effort."

Open Those Campus Doors

NEW YORK'S first Negro councilman has asked a question which should have been answered long ago: why is there only one Negro among the 2,232 faculty members of the four city colleges? It was the Rev. A. Clayton Powell's first question as a Council member and it was addressed primarily to the Board of Higher Education and presidents of the four colleges, whom Powell called upon to end racial discrimination in faculty appointments. Some of the college heads have attempted to justify themselves in advance of a formal investigation with the claim that Negro professors have failed to apply for positions. However, it was revealed by Walter White, secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, that the Negro professor William H. Dean Jr. of Atlanta University —to name one instance—had been turned down no less than three times by the city colleges. And of course "failure to apply," even if the phrase were correct, would be no excuse for the situation. It omits the factor of discrimination which discourages applications in the first place; and it leaves unexplained the fact that these presidents and the Board of Higher Education have neglected their duties in failing to *seek out* Negro faculty members of high caliber. Councilman Powell has a list of such faculty members who are qualified for posts in the New York colleges. The pending investigation before the Rules Committee of the Council should show clearly why these men are not faculty members now. It should, and must, result in an end to discriminatory practices.

Corporation Candor

WHEN a lobbyist for a big corporation admits out loud that its profits are "outrageous" and suggests to Congress that it better "get that money back in taxes"—well, that's news. We don't profess to know just what's back of it. Possibly Mr. James E. Barnes, Washington lobbyist for the Todd Shipyards Corp., believed that honesty with a dash of generosity was the best policy, once the Senate Naval Committee had elicited from him the truth about Todd's fifty percent profits on war contracts. Possibly, since the outrageous profits had been revealed in the questioning and Mr. Barnes had absolved his corporation and the Navy from blame, he had no recourse except to accuse Congress, holding it responsible for failure to enact a stiff excess-profits tax. Or it may be that he feels it is wiser to wash dirty linen in public yourself, rather than see an investigating committee do it for you some day. A reading of Mr. Barnes' full testimony would probably answer some of these questions.

But the important thing is that he has given the public some valuable truths about war contracts and profits. One is that the profits usually publicized have been figured in relation to individual contracts, while the business-like way of computing them on invested capital would show far higher figures. For example, Todd will clear $15,000,000 to $20,000,000 this year on an invested capital of $40,000,000—or fifty percent profit, though the contracts limits it to ten percent. Mr. Barnes also said that since the company has so much business it can do with a one percent profit. In fact, he added, the profits have been so outrageous that Todd turned $4,000,000 back to the Navy. And, to the embarrassment of some of the senators present, like Byrd of Virginia, who had opposed the Treasury's excess-profits tax plan, Mr. Barnes demanded that the government recover some of his company's extra millions through taxation.

The witness' candor, however motivated, has the objective values of good sense and patriotism. It pleases us to be able to point out another example of those qualities on some sectors of the business front. In Chicago a few days ago 1,500 personnel executives participating in an American Management Association conference were advised by representatives of two large corporations to cooperate with labor unions. E. C. Morse, personnel manager of the RCA Manufacturing Co., stated that employee morale was built by a union contract and that the union was a help in speeding the fulfillment of war contracts. He said the union and management together had hurried up war production. W. I. McNeill, industrial relations director for Colgate-Palmolive-Peet, urged a "liberal" and "unbiased approach" to union negotiations.

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Readers Forum

Americans All

To New Masses: We Americans are in a war and we are in it to win. The natural and wise thing to do is to use all the available resources for victory and peace. We all have enough confidence in our government to believe that it will do this. On the other hand, it is wise for us at this time to point out that there are some traditional instruments of war that history has shown do not win the "peace." They are race hatred and color hatred. Whenever these two instruments are used, they do not make for peace. Even when they make for victory, the victory is a spurious victory.

Many newspapers have carried dangerous inferences about the Japanese people. They inferred that one could not expect any more from the "little yellow man." They tried to point out, inferentially, that the "white race" was always in danger of the "yellow peril" and the "brown menace." This certainly is not a constructive way to fight this war. Hitler has used as two of his instruments of war, race hatred and color hatred, by setting up the Jews and the Negroes as undesirables in the society of man. We, in America, do not want to make that mistake.

American leaders and planners of our war strategy must be careful to fight the war on the issues that are pertinent in the war. Color is not a pertinent issue. Only incidentally are the Japanese yellow in color. The forces that make the Japanese our enemies at this moment are not caused by their race. I think it could be well said that if we analyze Hitler's fundamental philosophy, he has very little use for the Japanese people racially, but he has a great deal of use for them now, economically and militarily.

In America we have thousands of men and women of all races and colors. They are true Americans. We have 13,000,000 Negro Americans. If our war strategists use the instruments of race hatred and color hatred in this war, it will serve to disintegrate our people even though we win the victory. Color prejudice should not come into this war as an instrument of victory. If it comes in as an instrument of victory, it will stay with us as an instrument of internal destruction. We can't teach a people for a given number of months and possibly years to hate a race because of its color in order to win a war, and then ask them to cooperate with another race despite its color.

The aims of this war are as much to create social organizations in Japan that will give social security to every individual in Japan as they are to create social structures in our own country that a better life may be had by each individual. In other words, we are just as interested in the half starved masses of Japan being freed from economic and military despotism as we are to extend social security to our own people.

This means in its larger implications that the peace that we shall win shall not be peace for our own security, but peace that will give security to all people who earnestly seek it. I am of the opinion that our love for liberty and freedom is sufficient to unite our people to the end that we shall win this war. I do not think we need to use the devilish instruments of color and race to so fire the imagination of our people that we may win. Our love of liberty and devotion to freedom is enough. Once it is clear to the American people that liberty and democracy are in jeopardy, our government and all the people in the world who love liberty and democracy can count on us to give the last full measure.

Horace A. White, *Minister,*
Plymouth Congregational Church

Detroit, Mich.

Blake Dissenting

To New Masses: I must protest against the perfectionist and contradictory review of the play *Cafe Crown* in your February 3 issue. I have seen the comedy and relished it. What is it? A play about the Cafe Royal, a folk comedy, a picture of manners, a freight of fun, a tender image of the *cafe* aspects of actor, waiter, busboy, usurer, card player, kibitzer, and of a popular idol of an immigrant people. Kraft sees this Yiddish theatrical world as would a Goldoni, a Labiche, or any other master of that tender, witty higher vaudeville that is the joy of theater goers.

The Jewish theater has excessive hamminess in its tragedians and David Cole is a divine ham; but a ham who is also the leader of the naive aspirations, of the implicit need for identification with the great culture of Europe, that the Ghetto folk required when they were liberated from the closed world of oppression. Now who tells Mr. Bessie that Cole's original was "sadly overpraised"? Taking Gordin's creations, Adler reshaped a society. Can we overpraise such work? Few men have done as much for the theater as a social object.

What "depth" is Mr. Bessie looking for in this comedy? The psychic plumbings of twenty characters in 1,200 lines, with their necessary stops and stage apparatus—is it possible? Has even Shakespeare done more than limn a Macduff, a Banquo, and a Duncan? The novel developed to supplement the needful limitation of space and time in the theater. The theater, especially in comedy, is a convention, a two-hour assault. We are told, though, that "true entertainment" proceeds out of a deeper knowledge of the "soul" (a bit pompously, to be sure!)

Your critic speaks of the plot as a device, as a burlesque version of life. Does he mean the happy ending? But that is a mere vehicle, a sort of dramatic stenography which says, Cole knows that he has a message for his generation. He seeks to keep the young talents at the service of that ideal. But when confronted with their possibilities, not within the little world he dominates, but through an immediate outside challenge, he sees that art has wider frontiers than his own. We have seen this happen: I have seen this happen twice, and in this dramatic fashion. This is not burlesque, it is truth. The change of heart takes place; only here it takes place in comedy, not in an expository novel.

What surprises me most is the consistent denigration of the playwright, Mr. Kraft, in favor of the actors. Jaffe, Carnovsky, Polan, Franz, Jay Adler, Mr. Bessie says, are creative. It is said that the actors have created a round half dozen roles which the author did not create for them. As to the roles, he says, "The characterization goes no deeper than the skin" yet, because of the actors, "so real are some of the people that. . . ." Now, if your critic understood the function of a playwright, he would know that it is precisely this, to write lines out of which the actors can create roles, and to guide the actors out of his understanding of the roles, to explain to them their own characters, until they center themselves in his personages. Neither Stanislavsky nor Shakespeare takes any other view. Actors cannot create "real people" unless there is a good playwright behind them: and here we are told there are many good roles. And Mr. Bessie goes farther: he says Mr. Kazan has done a good job with bad material; so that apparently a good play requires no author at all and anything good in the play cannot be derived from the author!

For a comedy, rooted in the folk, shrewdly exploiting the limitations of theatrical convention and of the present economic possibilities of production, *Cafe Crown* is grand human entertainment. It is to be judged not by Olympian standards, but as progressives judge all art, within reality.

William Blake.

New York City.

[In a forthcoming issue Alvah Bessie will discuss his approach to drama criticism.]

Geography with a Grin

To New Masses: It may interest you to know that the town of Velikie Luki, recently recaptured by the Red Army, translated literally means: GREAT ONION.

Maybe it was too strong for Schicklgruber; certainly it must have brought tears to his eyes.

Peter Gross.

Platte, Neb.

Question and Answer

To New Masses: In a recent issue you made reference to the ". . . antagonisms to China, artificially engendered among the southeast Asian peoples . . ." about which I have not read and on which I hope you will give more information.

L. A. Eldridge.

New York City.

[We were referring, of course, to the fact that for many decades the peoples of southeastern Asia have been divided from one another. In Malaya, for example, it is only a matter of weeks that the large Chinese minority has been permitted to cooperate with the British and the large Malay majority in organizing the defense of the peninsula against Japan. Likewise, there was a long history of artificially inspired conflict between the Annam people and the Chinese in French Indo-China. Burma has been governed as a separate entity since the middle thirties, and a definite antagonism has been built up between the Burmese on the one hand, and both the Chinese people and India on the other. Naturally, pro-Japanese trends eventually benefited, as can be seen from the fact that the British government was forced to arrest the Burmese premier, U Saw. The chief reason for this situation is the fact that the Chinese people, in their heroic national-liberation struggle against Japan, inevitably formed an inspiration for all of Asia. But the course of events has now linked the fate of the Dutch and British empires with that of China. China has now become our full-fledged and indispensable ally in the war and, despite resistance to the idea in many quarters, the course of the war will drive home the lesson that only the unity of the southeast Asian peoples can stop Japan and Hitler. And not only the unity, but the activization of these peoples in building and using the implements of defense against Japan. The Editors.]

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PRO AND CON ON ARAGON

Hannah Josephson, translator of "The Century Was Young," comments on Christina Stead's recent review of the novel. Her reply. Is the hero of the book a Nobody?

TO NEW MASSES: Miss Stead's review is so thoughtful and in many ways so brilliant an analysis of *The Century Was Young* that I hesitate to take exception to it. Unlike most of the other critics, she seems to have *read* the book, that is, she has read it with her mind as well as with her eyes, and she has, fortunately for Aragon, the literary equipment with which to measure its place and importance in the history of letters.

One of the most tantalizing aspects of Aragon's work, as Miss Stead has rightfully grasped, is the symbolism inherent not only in the main lines of the story, but also in the many subordinate threads woven into the fabric. Of course there will be as many interpretations of these symbols as there are readers, and Miss Stead is particularly adept at discovering and clarifying the secondary themes. It is in her analysis of the primary motif that I must disagree with her.

It is inconceivable that a writer of such great gifts and human sympathies as Aragon should write a long novel about Nobody, as Miss Stead refers to Pierre Mercadier, the hero. Pierre Mercadier is definitely Somebody; he is in a way the ripe fruit of the society in which we live, the man with enough education to consider himself superior to other people, and money enough to believe himself detached from the world. All his experience, his birth, his upbringing, his marriage, his position, lead him to the conclusion that he is responsible for no one in the world but himself. He is the supreme egotist, the egotist without a single mitigating taint of human kindness. His financial independence gives him the means, and his philosophy of chance the moral excuse, to break all his family ties and shed his responsibilities. He flees, he has ten years of complete freedom.

Then he returns to Paris without a cent, an aging man who must earn his living, as most people do, at work he despises. When he falls ill he is assailed by terror for his future as a sick old useless wreck. He will not return to his family, but dimly felt emotions which begin as simple curiosity drive him to see his grandson in secret. The clouds of war gather, and he wonders whether he could possibly have been wrong all along in his detachment from the world he was born into. I can think of few more poignant moments in all literature than the one in which Pierre Mercadier begins to have a glimmering of the part he might have played, the understanding he might have had, when it is just too late.

And then when it is definitely too late, when he falls, a paralytic, into the clutches of the loving brothel keeper, the only woman who has ever loved him with a pure and disinterested love (the Magdalene symbol?), the illumination comes to him, and he mutters only one word until he dies—Politics. Is that not the key? Far from finding no solution to his own wasted life, no way out of the quagmire that has sucked him in, Pierre Mercadier has found the precise answer to the problem of integrating the life of the bourgeois intellectual with the modern era.

From this point of view all the scenes Miss Stead refers to as unnecessary fall into their proper places, the discussion of babies and politicians, the story of the Mere couple in their desperate struggle against want and their willingness to work at anything, however degraded, to provide their children with enough to eat.

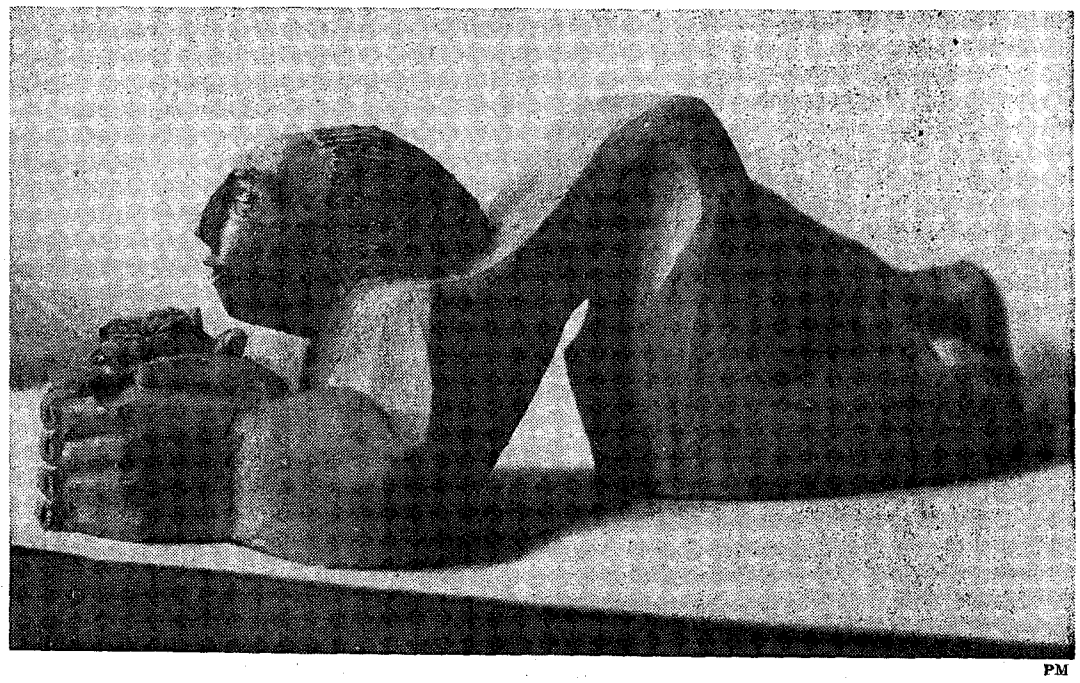
I am fraid that in the case of the Meres, too, Miss Stead misunderstands the intention of the author. Mere is a worker whose political education develops much more rapidly than that of the bourgeois intellectual represented by Mercadier, under the stern lash of necessity. And it is not Mere who sets fire to the brothel; it is the pimp who hopes thereby to get the brothel license away from Mme. Tavernier. Which might be a symbol of the origins of the great conflagration we are now witnessing. And there are many, like Jules Tavernier, who would gladly shift the blame for the fire to the shoulders of the man in the worker's blouse.

HANNAH JOSEPHSON.

TO NEW MASSES: I will comment again upon Aragon's book, as you suggest, in view of Mrs. Josephson's letter.

If a writer does not make his intention quite clear, or confuses it trickily (that is, as here, with multiple symbols), or if he has feebly or casually reached his aim, his book will produce some irreducible and opposing convictions in different readers. One will cling to the surface design, another will believe deeper thoughts are masked by that; one will see it as a finished creature, another will conceive that the shape of works to come have begun to form themselves in this present work: this last is what I believe. No artist is finished till Time writes Finish, and no thought is finished till then. What Aragon has written is not absolutely clear, finished, concrete, and sure; the immense fatiguing detail of such a book, the love expended on it, and the opinions developed by the book without the author's wish (a phenomenon well known to every literary craftsman in every field), have produced an internal weave which is different from the surface design.

More, this is one of those books with a double. The double is always the author himself, or else a great social surge yet unexpressed otherwise. The personages in Aragon's book are lifeless, but through their transparencies one sees the living flame of the author himself, who is the chief character. This book is not about Nobody, it is about Aragon: but Pierre Mercadier is the same



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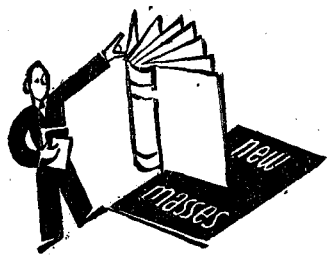

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Nobody of whom Ibsen wrote. Both heroes return to find the tatters of their lives, old myths of theirs, auctioned off to a cold world. Peer then has an illumination—"I am Nobody." He is not even good enough for hell—he even hangs in the middle of eternity. He addresses a meteor, calling it brother, brother flash-in-the-pan: to the sun he says, you warmed my house but all my life there was nobody at home. This most beautiful passage is about no one. Who am I, thinks the struggling soul: for what reason was I sent into the world? I am no one, and this is truly pathetic. This novel now in question arouses passionate feelings because it expresses this very human dread of nullity.

I refer especially, here, to the scene in which Suzanne (who thereafter disappears from the narrative) lies asleep all night on the edge of the bog. Search parties are out and return disappointed to the chateau. Boniface, fairytale character, grownup child of pure soul, struggles in epic manner through the quagmire, physically wrestling with death. One expects him to die but he does not: he wins to the other side and finds the lovely girl asleep; and thereafter loves her mutely. This is a struggle in the soul: one feels it to be so. It is the child mind which sees, though it does not win. Meanwhile, down in the chateau (the world, that is), bored and silly women and anxious men are table-tapping; and what does the table spell? "Despair, Hunger, Solitude." Exactly what Mercadier is to know in this life. The unhappy man sits at cafe tables, pension tables, and listens to the commerce of love and politics: but hears only despair, hunger, solitude. Are we to believe that a life of such emptiness is suddenly filled on the deathbed by a desire to mix in politics, that a lifetime of apathy and debauch, conscientiously built up throughout a long book can be balanced by a word? If it is so, then adversely criticize the author for Mercadier is no character at all. But if like the foolish but pitiable Don Juan he goes down unregenerate, in malodorous unsanctity, he becomes a character, dying as living, true to himself. "Politics" for "I am hungry," "Politics" for anger and contempt, "Politics" for uncleanness, "Politics" for "I am dying," "Politics" for "I detest you": this is what Mercadier says. But let the senile son of debauch get on his legs again and "the devil a politico is he"!

We hunger for the happy ending and the consoling "Credo" of the dying, but we would laugh at the device in a religious novel and we cannot take that comfort to ourselves in a political novel. Men, races, suns have died. It is not futile to chronicle them, and the wherefore. Out of their deaths we extract the science of living; but not out of deathbed lights. I fancy socialist writers are of sterner stuff than those who only let their characters steeplechase through trouble in order to come out first in the happy ending of moral uplift.

One could detail the writers and artists Aragon must have known in the thirties who dabbled in politics and even took sides in revolt and civil war, but after this momentary revelation retired into futility and despair. These great experiences were not enough to refire the souls of the Mercadiers. Some of these must have been his friends; he cannot have been blind to their utter failure. They were not saved. Then why his meaner Pierre?

I adhere to my view of the Meres: I think the author failed there. But this drags out.

CHRISTINA STEAD.

Other opinions on the Aragon novel will appear in forthcoming issues.

Distilling a Fable

THE MYTH OF THE NEGRO PAST, *by Melville J. Herskovits. Harper & Bros. $4.*

PROFESSOR HERSKOVITS uses the word "myth" in its technical sense, for the myth with which he is concerned provides the sanction for a firmly held belief that gives coherence to behavior. Basically the myth is that the Negro people are without a vital past—i.e., a past of any dynamic, active, creative character.

The particular facet of the myth subjected to scrutiny by Herskovits is that which arises from the idea that Africa always was and still is a dark, mysterious, and foreboding continent of wasteland, jungle, and "jabbering black savages" (to quote the words, penned in 1941, of a history instructor in Brooklyn College—one St. Julien R. Childs). Because of this, so runs the stereotype, one can expect to find practically no traits of African origin persisting among Negroes of the New World, particularly among those of the United States. It is admitted that

ART CALENDAR

New York City

KENT, Rockwell — Paintings. Wildenstein Galleries, 19 East 64th St. (until Feb. 27th)

KLEE — Oils, water-colors, drawings. Nierendorf Gallery, 17 East 57th St. (until Feb. 28th)

LEVI, Julian — Paintings. Downtown Gallery. (until Feb. 28th)

MITCHELL, Bruce — Paintings. Rehn Gallery, 683 5th Ave. (until Feb. 28th)

PICASSO — Masterpieces. Paul Rosenberg Gallery, 16 E. 57th St. (until March 7th)

REMBRANDT — Metropolitan Museum's entire collection of paintings, prints, and drawings, 5th Ave., and 82nd St. (until March 29th)

U. S. Army Illustrators from Fort Custer and 18 Americans, 1942 — Museum of Modern Art, 11 West 53rd St. (until March 10th)

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one would not dare to study the acculturative process of Swedes and Danes, of Greeks and Italians, of Syrians and Chinese, without thoroughly investigating every phase of the culture at their points of origin, but as for Negroes—why bother? "Everyone knows" there is nothing to investigate, so pick up a tertiary source of misinformation like that by Dowd or Tillinghast or Weatherford, dish out the ancient cliches, and collect the royalty checks.

Herskovits' book is, in essence, a plea to discard such an antediluvian methodology for a mature, scientific approach to the problem of the cultural heritages of the Negro people and their persistence, alteration, and accommodation in the changed environment of the New World. With the posing of this challenge there can be no quarrel. For having presented it cogently and persuasively (and, one may add, courageously, since it demands that Herskovits repudiate some of his own earlier writings) the author deserves the gratitude and admiration of all fellow investigators.

However, while the essential validity of Herskovits' thesis is established by the data he presents, the data themselves and the conclusions based upon them do not merit unqualified approval.

The author is on unshakable ground when he delineates the rich, varied, advanced cultures enjoyed at certain epochs by the Negro people in Africa, and when he summarizes (though with some carelessness) the recent literature demonstrating the discontent and rebelliousness of the Negro in the New World. He is on firm, and new, ground when he shows the persistence of certain African cultural traits and habits in various parts of the Western Hemisphere, including the United States. This is especially true of such easily transmitted and tenaciously retained behaviorisms as those connected with personal adornment, religious practices, the dance, music, folklore, and speech.

Within the confines of a review it is impossible to present an adequate conception of the richness of this material, though some idea of it may be obtained from the fact that in the field of speech alone, as has been demonstrated by Dr. Turner of Fisk University, about 4,000 West African words, in addition to many survivals in sounds, intonation, and syntax, have been discovered in the vocabulary of the coastal South Carolina and Georgia Negroes. The assertions of Mencken, Krapp, Reed Smith, and Guy Johnson to the effect that the Negroes simply speak "the worst English in the world" are shown to be fallacious generalizations based upon arm-chair cogitation rather than scientific investigation.

But some of Dr. Herskovits' data and some of the asserted relationships are decidedly questionable. He tends to minimize the extensiveness of the slave trade, insisting that the American Negroes' province is almost entirely West African. Some of the evidence showing that slaves were obtained from the East coast even in the early part of the eight-

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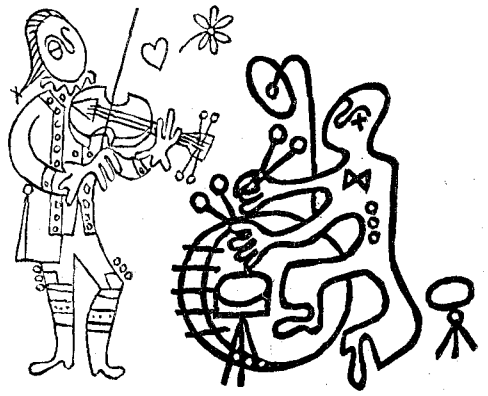

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eenth century is cited, but more is available, and there are good indications that this increased during the later life of the slave trade, becoming particularly prominent in the nineteenth century. For one investigating culture survivals, points of origin are of course fundamental, so that this is a consideration of major proportions.

Another problem of great significance is rather hastily dismissed. In attempting to trace cultural carry-overs it is imperative that the original culture pattern be thoroughly investigated. Professor Herskovits notes that contemporary accounts of the Africa of the slave period are not numerous and are often unreliable, but he insists that the whole era of the stark rape of Africa produced "little or no demoralization," and asserts that the native "culture is found functioning much as it must have functioned during the days before European control." If this is true, it would seem to be unusual enough to warrant extended discussion and careful proof, instead of the merely arbitrary remarks that have been quoted.

Occasionally, too, Professor Herskovits claims to see carry-overs whose existence appears quite doubtful. Thus, he believes such a carry-over is one explanation for the alleged great "importance of whipping among American Negroes as a technique of training the young," but its unusual importance among these folk is by no means demonstrated, which would seem to be a prerequisite for any relationships deduced therefrom. Again, the "vital, meaningful, and understandable" character of the Negroes' religions which have been "deeply integrated into the daily round" of their lives is supposed to explain why they, "in contrast to other under-privileged groups elsewhere in the world, turn to religion rather than to political action." Little more than bald assertions, some of a highly uncertain nature, are contained in that passage, and the alleged political behavior of Negroes is anything but substantiated by their history. Another example of strained interpretation is the thesis that the alleged "readiness of the Negroes to take over the conceptions of the universe held by the white man" is traceable to the flexibility of the West African religio-philosophic systems. The burden of Herskovits' book is to show the persistence in thought as well as action of Africanisms, but here one meets the declaration that where such persistence is not observable, that in itself is an African carry-over!

Yet, in spite of these apparent deficiencies, Herskovits' book is one of the most fertile and provocative to appear in the field of social studies within a generation. The author realizes that "the myth of the Negro past is one of the principal supports of race prejudice in this country" and his work does much to undermine that myth. It is, moreover, a necessary tool for all future investigators into the dozens of phases of that past, which, as Professor Herskovits keeps repeating, stand in need of prolonged, serious, and scientific study.

HERBERT APTHEKER.

Good and Welfare

FROM RELIEF TO SOCIAL SECURITY, *by Grace Abbott. University of Chicago Press. $2.50.*

FIVE million are still jobless, CIO economists estimate. Priorities unemployment threatens 60,000 workers in wool and carpet branches of the textile industry. Detroit reports large and accelerated lay-offs which will bring almost total unemployment to about 250,000 persons in that area. Defense employment is now absorbing less than 15,000 displaced auto workers a month. Yet the joint congressional committee on "non-essential" expenditures and Senator Byrd as chairman propose a one-third slash in WPA and similar cuts in other relief appropriations.

So a book on the development of new public welfare services, their value and administration, is very much to the point in this year of adjustment to war production. *From Relief to Social Security* is as timely as if its author, Grace Abbott, were still alive to speak her vigorous words on hungry children in a rich land.

As chief of the US Children's Bureau from 1921 to 1934 and then as a member of the President's Council on Social Security, Miss Abbott helped to shape the beginnings of a social insurance program in this country. In speeches, articles, and testimony at federal hearings she called attention to the "tragedy of transients"; homeless youth in freight cars; children facing the fifth depression winter in 1933-34; malnutrition, polite word for starvation, in mine fields; the "avalanche of destitution"; and the inadequacy of relief measures. These writings are here brought together as edited by her sister, Edith Abbott, dean of the University of Chicago's School of Social Service Administration.

Grace Abbott called for extension of Social Security benefits to very large numbers not yet covered. She pointed out that no provision has yet been made for adequate medical care for the sick or for cash benefits for those kept from work by ill health. She recognized unemployment compensation as a relief measure that will not prevent unemployment. To social workers it has not been a question of WPA *or* relief. "Relief has at all times been necessary, and the sharp curtailments of WPA have always meant sudden and unexpected increases in the relief load.... These relief crises have left their physical marks on the very bones of the children." These words are as true today as in 1939 when Grace Abbott wrote them.

GRACE HUTCHINS.

Rosy Grimness

DAKAR, *by Emil Lengyel. Random House. $2.*

Again, as in his volumes on the *Danube* and on *Turkey,* Lengyel has taken a little known region for his theme. By a deft combination of folklore and fact (and by a more lucid, simple prose than in his previous works), he has opened up strange, new, and fascinating

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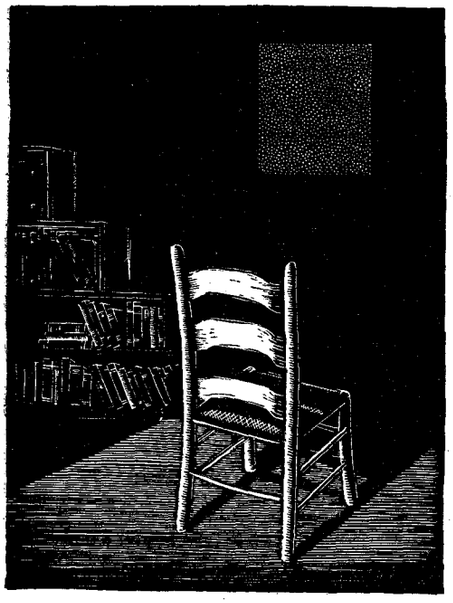
vistas. Dakar is one of those little known names which the war has brought into the headlines and maps. It is the chief city of French West Africa; it has a population of 75,000, of whom 10,000 are whites; it is a semi-tropical metropolis, a port of the old slave trade; it commands all the shipping of the south Atlantic and opens out into a hinterland two-thirds the size of the United States. In German hands Dakar could menace South America, only 1,800 miles away, less than the clipper's flight from Bermuda to the Azores. In Free French hands, it would unite with Equatorial Africa and make it difficult for Vichy to hold North Africa. In American hands, Dakar might be indispensable for our ultimate thrust against Hitler on the continent.

But whereas Hitler hopes to hop off from Dakar westward, Lengyel has hopped off eastward. Much of what is fascinating in his volume concerns the stories of how the French adventurers opened up Africa, how they followed the valley of the Niger to where the Sahara turns it back. It is a grim story and rather romanticized here, of men like Voulet who died with the madness of their dream, of *Sudanitis;* of women adventurers like Francina Tinne, of Faidherbe who tried to befriend the Senegals, and of the Negro king Samory, who stood off the French for fifteen years. As Lengyel tells it, it makes good reading and equally good is the brief passage on those Portuguese and Spanish islands which flank Dakar in the Atlantic. His analysis of the relations between Vichy, de Gaulle, London, and Washington leaves much to be desired; it needs to be expanded, as for example, by the notes of Paul Atkins in *Foreign Affairs* for January 1942. But Lengyel has succeeded in describing the meaning of Dakar. It whets one's appetite to learn more about Africa.

JOSEPH STAROBIN.



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CABBAGES AND KINGS

"Kings Row" is paved with good intentions. A strong film theme diluted by feeble acting and direction. . . . "Hedda Gabler" revival.

"KINGS ROW" tries, half-heartedly, to be an honest picture; tries to contribute to our understanding of the people of this United States. But it is based on a superficial and sensational novel, and inept casting and direction have crippled its would-be honesty. Its human problems are allowed to dissipate in melodrama, its realism is blurred by sentimental photography, and in moments of pain or passion its characters belabor each other with large hunks of rhetoric. Lacking any reasoned, scientific analysis of the small American town it attempts to describe, *Kings Row* is reduced to a vague fumbling with characters, achieving an occasional genuine moment as if by accident.

Nevertheless it is a far more serious picture than, say, the parallel *Our Town,* which was better handled technically. *Our Town* would have had us believe that the American small town, circa 1900, was all moonlight and lilacs and quaintness, whereas *Kings Row* refuses to prettify anything but the girls' dresses. There are fanaticism and dishonesty and meanness in the town of Kings Row, as well as courage and idealism and the brotherhood of man. There is also the glimmering of a sane attitude toward sex. The young women of the film are neither coyly prudish nor vulgarly lascivious; their love-making is treated with the same healthy naturalness with which the film allows a boy and a girl child to go swimming naked in the creek together.

At first *Kings Row* promises much, with its study of children groping their way among adults, half frightened and half eager. All too soon, though, the children grow up into Robert Cummings, Ann Sheridan, and other tender juveniles; the murders, suicides, and lunacies set in. None of the youngsters grows up to a normal, everyday problem like raising and supporting a family. One develops dementia præcox, for no apparent reason; one is destroyed by fanatical fiends of parents; one is cut to bits by an improbable maniac surgeon; and one is Robert Cummings. This very young man is presented as a full-fledged psychiatrist, whose notion of curing a maimed and neurotic friend is to recite Henley's *Invictus* in a hurried gabble.

In other words, *Kings Row* recognizes that life is a struggle, but fails alike in analyzing the struggle and in suggesting any line of action—in spite of frequent attempts to preach. Ordering us to keep our heads bloody but unbowed is hardly the last word on American life; and the film frequently implies that there's nothing wrong with society that a psychiatrist can't cure, a dangerous absurdity. Its failure as entertainment is unfortunately even greater than its failure as social analysis. Casey Robinson's wordy script needed magnificent actors; what it got was the schoolboy-recitation style of Mr. Cummings and Miss Sheridan. Only the intelligent and forceful Ronald Reagan, among the leading players, knows how to read lines; and although Judith Anderson and Ouspenskaya are brilliant in small parts, they are only fireflies in the gloom. Sam Wood's direction is singularly slow and unimaginative, making great play with romantic silhouettes against romantic clouds, soft music, and other men's camera tricks—as in a pan-focus shot which copies with ludicrous fidelity the famous attempted suicide scene in *Citizen Kane.*

"ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT" ought to be a great morale-builder—for the Axis. The inspiration of matching American gangsters against a fifth column ring was pretty silly to begin with; the rough-and-tumble production, with lots of slugging, would disgrace a horse opera. It is painful to see two such excellent actors as Conrad Veidt and Humphrey Bogart forced to struggle in a runaway motorboat over containers of high explosive. Warner Brothers are looking in the wrong place for fifth columnists. While America First ringleaders carry on business as usual, while certain big industrialists sabotage defense production, while Dies foams at the mouth, Warner Brothers treat us to the spectacle of comic Nazis who heil madly, are fooled by doubletalk, hold secret meetings in art institutes, and bump each other off in back alleys. Nor can *All Through The Night* be called satire. Satire has to be funny. In addition to Bogart and Veidt, Judith Anderson, Peter Lorre, Martin Kosleck, and Kaaren Verne are taken for a ride in this one.

SOME of the best films available just now are not new ones, nor are they to be found in Broadway palaces complete with stage show. Small theaters in various sections of New York—the Irving Place, the Dover and Ascot in the Bronx—have specialized for some time in reviving Soviet films as well as distinguished American, English, and French pictures. The outstanding program of revivals is the Thalia's Russian Victory Festival, in which a splendid Soviet work is paired with an equally notable Hollywood one. Few double features give you so much for your money as, for instance, the combination of *Peter I* with *Scarface*—two films alike in possessing a violent and untamed hero, significantly unlike in that Peter builds while Paul Muni's gangster only destroys—films as brilliant in screen technique as any of this year's products. Other Soviet movies scheduled include the Gorky films, *Alexander Nevsky, We Are From Kronstadt,* and more recent importations.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

An Ibsen Play

Katina Paxinou in a revival of a famous stage role.

HENRIK IBSEN'S Hedda Gabler is one of his most complex and fascinating human beings, and the revival presented by Luther Greene seems to have lost sight of that fact. It is a curious production indeed that Mr. Greene has mounted at the Longacre. Badly cast and poorly directed, the play seems even more literary, at this remove, than it did when we read it last. Ibsen frequently had his characters sit around interminably and talk at great length, but what they had to say invariably was brilliant in its revelation of human character and—in the hands of this first master of the social drama—profound in its evocation of the social forces of his time.

Hedda seems to represent the complete frustration of woman—the frustration which Nora, of *The Doll's House,* finally broke through by simply walking out of her home. Hedda could not find the courage to walk out; her frustration manifested itself in destruction. She destroyed her own happiness, the happiness of her stodgy husband, Tesman; she destroyed the life work of her former lover, Eilert Lovborg, the happiness of his new mistress, Mrs. Elvsted; she encouraged Lovborg to kill himself, and she finally destroyed her own life. Ibsen revealed deep psychological insight in her creation, and everything she says throws light upon her strangely maladjusted personality.

Now it is not the fault of Miss Katina Paxinou, the Greek actress, that she cannot yet speak perfect English; but her faulty English puts a barrier between her and the role, between the role and the audience. Into the bargain, Miss Paxinou is an actress of a school and a tradition that is unfamiliar here—the continental manner. She is *very* mannered; she is very stagey; she prefers to attack the external aspects of the role, and it is only occasionally that she shows any real understanding of the woman Hedda.

With the single exception of Margaret Wycherly, who plays the husband's aunt, Miss

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Paxinou receives no assistance from the cast Mr. Greene has assembled to "support" her; and practically no assistance from Mr. Greene himself, in his role of director. The level of Mr. Greene's direction is but one cut above the mounting of a high school play where the amateur director has considered himself fortunate if he can prevent the actors from bumping into each other.

This is a sad performance of what gives evidence, even now, of being a great stage play. I say even now, because we tend to forget, when watching certain dated plays, that they were of the essence of revolutionary thinking in their period. The truth about *Hedda Gabler*—as character—will always live, because her creator understood his creature. But the situation in which she finds herself seems somewhat artificial now.

ALVAH BESSIE.

"Our Singing Country"

A presentation of 250 tunes from folk song categories.

IN 1933 John and Alan Lomax, father and son, set out to gather and record for the archives of the Library of Congress the vast Americana that is folk music. Their findings have been published in two important volumes. *American Ballads and Folk Songs* appeared in 1934 and was one of the first comprehensive collections of American folk music. Now we have a second volume, *Our Singing Country* (Macmillan Co., $5), which contains some 250 tunes sifted from the thousands found by the Lomaxes. The book presents a thorough cross-section of various folk song categories with chapters on Negro and white songs of religion, play, courting, and work. There are numerous ingratiating samples of white ballads, Negro game songs, Cajun tunes, breakdowns, fiddle tunes, work songs and hollers. In addition there are some extremely interesting Negro songs from Bahama and a group of southwestern Louisiana French songs.

The authors have overcome a difficult problem common to such anthologies, that of a truly accurate recording of the songs. They tell us how this was done:

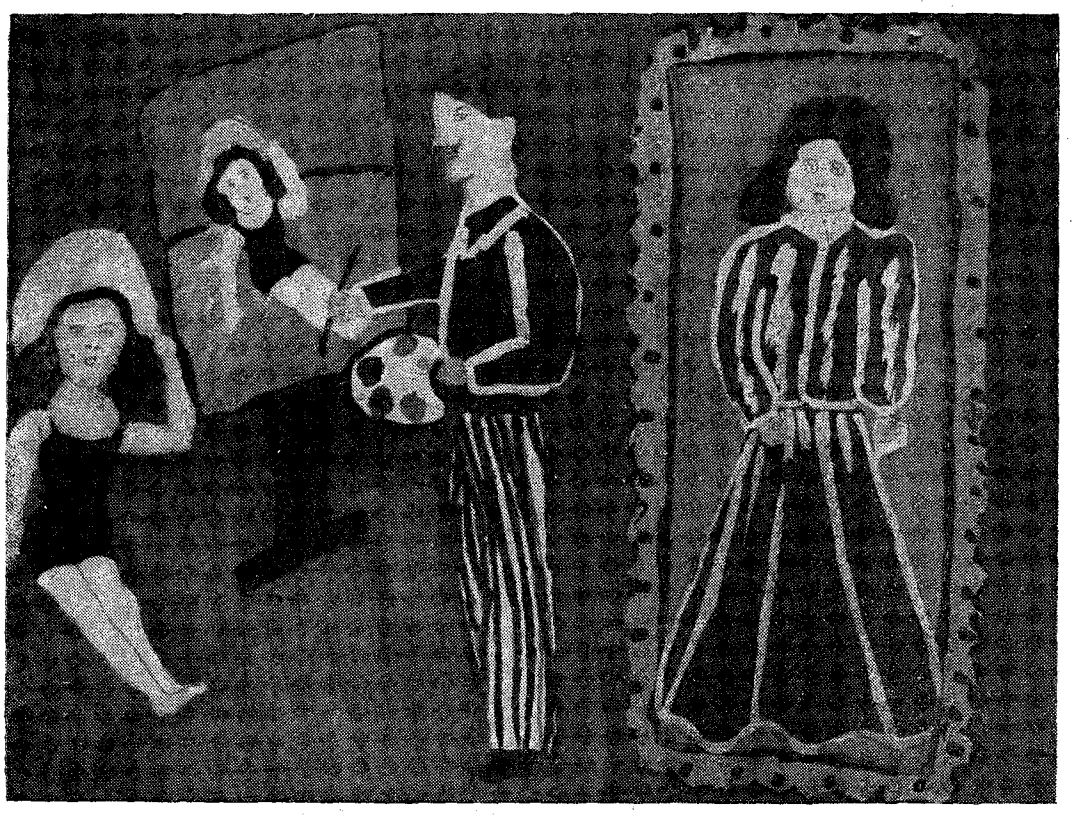
"A piece of folklore is a living, growing, changing thing, and a folk song printed, words and tune, only symbolizes in a very static fashion a myriad-voiced reality of individual songs. With the development of the portable recording machine one can do more than transcribe in written outline what they say. The needle writes on the disc with tireless accuracy the subtle inflections, the melodies, the pauses that comprise emotional meaning of speech, spoken and sung. In this way folklore can truly be recorded."

The records were then transcribed on paper by the young American composer Ruth Crawford Seeger, who has maintained the characteristics of the singing style and yet kept it simple enough for the average amateur to sight-read. However, the total absence of piano accompaniments is unfortunate, despite Miss Seeger's sound argument that "the piano is foreign to the spirit of the songs." Authentic presentation of folk songs is one thing, the practical use of this kind of album is another. Its value is around the parlor piano where the family or friends can gather for a song fest. Very few Americans, especially those who are able to pay the five-dollar fee required for this book, are accustomed to singing unaccompanied, as Miss Seeger suggests. Long conditioning by radio, movies, and concert hall is not easily overcome.

A drawing by A. Alay

In the preface the authors state that the function of the book is to let the American folk singer have his say. This is accomplished and eloquently. Important as this is, it is insufficient to the reader seeking the whole picture of folk music. The Lomaxes fail to make the reader conscious of the very real connection between the songs and the environment that produced them. True, the authors say that "The American singer has been concerned with themes close to his everyday experience, with the emotions of ordinary men and women who were fighting for freedom and for a living in a violent new world." Yet nowhere does the text establish the effect that "everyday experience" or "the fight for freedom" had upon the nature of the music. I do not believe that it is the province of the reader to discover these relations for himself. It is the expert and devoted students of folk art like the Lomaxes who should help us understand better the dynamic nature of their subject. Such understanding will inevitably lead to deeper appreciation.

LOU COOPER.



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In an authoritative recording by Pierre Monteux and the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, the Franck symphony emerges as a deeply moving work. Mr. Monteux, whose recent reading of Ravel's *"La Valse"* was well received, again demonstrates his sensitivity with the baton. Although the interpretations of the symphony by Stokowski and Mitropoulos rank higher, the Monteux verson is decidedly an important contribution to recorded literature. (Victor $5.50)

ARTUR RODZINSKI'S flair for interpreting Tschaikowsky's music is vividly illustrated in his new release of the composer's fantasy-overture "Romeo and Juliet." While the word "overture" ordinarily is applied to an instrumental introduction to an opera, which outlines musically the characters and themes to be developed, it frequently describes an independent concert piece, highly descriptive or of dramatic significance. Thus, the "Romeo and Juliet" overture, inspired by Shakespeare's tragedy, is an *overture* but not a *prelude* to anything. Without a detailed story we can recognize unmistakable intimations of high dramatic moments. The violent, slashing rhythms which underline the bitter animosity between the Montagues and the Capulets, as well as the searing poignance of the love music, are driven home with fiery lyricism and impact by Rodzinski, and with superb playing by the Cleveland Orchestra. (Columbia $3.50)

JAN PEERCE, the talented tenor long popular with radio and concert audiences, joins with Arthur Kent in a recording of the tomb scene from Donizetti's "Lucia." Peerce, who recently made his operatic debut with the Metropolitan Opera Company, sings with distinction, and Kent, a young American singer with a bright future, deserves praise for the intelligent use of his rich baritone voice. Excellent support is afforded by a chorus and the Victor Symphony Orchestra, directed by Pelletier. (Victor $2.50) Donizetti does not fare as well, however, with Lily Pons singing arias from his "Daughter of the Regiment." Miss Pons' coloratura is, as usual, magnificent, but the charm of the music is somehow lost in its transmission to wax. (Columbia $2.50)

MARIAN ANDERSON offers an album, "Great Songs of Faith," containing songs from Handel's Messiah," Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" and "Elijah," and Bach's "St. John Passion." Miss Anderson sings with dignity and flawless taste. (Victor $3.50) Also recommended are Mozart's "Sonata No. 36 in E Flat Major" for violin and piano, as played by Albert Spalding and Andre Benoist (Victor $2.50); and Enesco's colorful "Rumanian Rhapsodies No. 1 and No. 2," the first played by the Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, with Kindler and the National Symphony Orchestra presenting the second. (Victor $2.50)

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PROGRESSIVE'S ALMANAC

"PROGRESSIVE'S Almanac" is a calendar of meetings, dances, luncheons, and cultural activities within the progressive movement. This list is published in connection with NEW MASSES' Clearing Bureau, created for the purpose of avoiding conflicting dates for various affairs. Fraternal organizations, trade unions, political bodies, etc., throughout the country are urged to notify NEW MASSES' Clearing Bureau of events which they have scheduled. Service of the Clearing Bureau is free.

February

13—I.W.O. West Side Forum, A. B. Magil on "Three Crises in American History," 220 W. 80th St., N. Y. C., 9 P.M.

13-21—Labor's Bazaar to Defend America. Benefit British, Russian, Chinese War Relief and Amer. Red Cross—Entertainers of each nation, 100 2nd Ave., N. Y. C.

14—Office and Professional Workers of America, 7th annual Stenographers Ball, Manhattan Center.

14—Midtown Forum, V Dance and entertainment, 52 East 13th St.

14-28—Saturday Forum Luncheon Group. Lectures every Saturday by well known novelists and critics. Rogers Corner Restaurant, 8th Ave. and 50th St., 12:30 P.M.

15—Workers School Forum, Robert Minor on "Lincoln and the New War for Liberation," Mecca Temple Casino, 7:30 P.M.

15—"Theater in War" — Significance or Escape. A forum with Lem Ward, Tamiris, Will Geer, Mordecai Gorelik. 2:30 P.M. Admission 33c. Malin Studios, 135 W. 44th.

15-22—Almanac Singers, Sunday afternoon "Hootenany," new quarters, 4530 6th Ave.

20—League of American Writers, Friday Night Readings from Works in Progress. Ben Field, novel on farm life. Mother Ella Reeve Bloor, commentator, 237 E. 61st St., 8:30 P.M.

20—NEW MASSES, Program of New War films. William Blake on "Behind the Nazi Lines," Irving Plaza, Irving Place and 15th St., 8:30 P.M.

21—Unity Reunion Dance, Preview 1942, Webster Hall.

21—Oklahoma Book Sale. Benefit Oklahoma Book Trials. Place to be announced.

22—ALP—2nd Annual Liberty Ball, Royal Windsor.

25—Citizens Comm. to Free Earl Browder, Testimonial Dinner to Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Aldine Club, 200 5th Ave., N.Y.C.

27—Russian War Relief—Dance Recital, Draper, Haakon, Robinson, etc. Carnegie Hall.

28—International Juridical Assoc. 10th Anniv. Dinner, Hotel Murray Hill.

March

1—Veterans Abraham Lincoln Brigade—Dinner, Memorial Division, Hotel Diplomat.

6—Soviet Russia Today, 10th Anniversary Banquet, Program, place to be announced.

15—NEW MASSES' Lincoln Steffens Memorial Tribute Meeting. Sun. afternoon, 2 P.M., Manhattan Center.

28—Veterans Abraham Lincoln Brigade, Spring Dance, Webster Hall.

29—Annual I.W.O. Pageant and Dance, Paul Robeson, Guest Artist, Manhattan Center, 7:30 P.M.

29—NEW MASSES Art Auction, afternoon and evening—ACA Gallery.

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